THE
NATION
JUNE 15, 1957 . . 25c

American Myth

"You Can't Stop Progress"

by Mary Freeman

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LETTERS

The Tax as Weapon

Dear Sirs: As director of the California Labor School, I announced on May 3 that the school would close in June because of financial inability to appeal to the courts from an SACB ruling that it had been dominated by Communists. The ruling was handed down in March by SACB member Francis Cherry, who noted that while most of the government's witnesses against the school were paid informers, some of whose testimony he discredited, there were other witnesses in whom he chose to place credence.

A few hours after I announced the June closing, U.S. Treasury officials seized and padlocked the building, alleging failure to pay certain back taxes. The tax story is as follows. In 1948, the U.S. Attorney General, without notifying the school, placed it on his "subversive" list. The Treasury Department at once revoked the exemption the institution had enjoyed and demanded payment of back taxes from 1942 to 1948, totalling $7,000. The school paid all taxes from 1948 forward; as to the arrears, an agreement—initiated by the Treasury Department itself — was reached last year for a compromise settlement of $3,000 to be paid in installments. Letters confirming the agreement were exchanged by the parties.

A week before I announced the closing of the school and after the institution had paid $1,200 of back taxes in accordance with the agreement, the Treasury Department suddenly and unilaterally revoked it. Then followed the seizure. The head of the flying squad which padlocked the building told a school staff member that his purpose was to forestall a scheduled May Day celebration and a book sale—involving perhaps $50 worth of books—which had been announced for May 5.

The May Day meeting took place anyway—in another hall. Supporters offered financial aid. We need more money to get out of our tax straits, and I ask *Nation* readers to help us. Please send contributions to me at P.O. Box 392, San Francisco 1, California.

HOLLAND ROBERTS

San Francisco, Calif.

Dr. Poling and Billy

Dear Sirs: I feel compelled, as a minister of a Christian church, to register my objection to the Reverend Daniel A. Poling's letter, published in your issue of June 1, commenting on the brilliant and scholarly article on Billy Graham by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr. [*The Nation*, May 11].

In the first place, Dr. Poling has been so completely blinded by his own rigid patterns of thought that he failed to note that the very reason he offers as evidence of "the temper" of Mr. McLoughlin's article—"Some will turn to alcohol, some to religion"—was in fact a quotation attributed to Billy Graham himself by *U.S. News and World Report*. Dr. Poling seems to imply that the quotation is to be credited to Mr. McLoughlin. If, as the editor of the *Christian Herald* would have us believe, Mr. McLoughlin reveals his insensibility to religion by identifying himself with the quotation, does not the reputed author reveal the same insensibility?

In the second place, for Dr. Poling to accuse Mr. McLoughlin of being "far off-side" on the basis of the returned cancelled check endorsed over to Billy's Enterprises, provides scarcely sufficient evidence to establish the size of Mr. Graham's income. It may be true, as Mr. McLoughlin suggests, that Billy restricts himself to a mere $15,000 annual salary. If one happens to believe this, so what? Some of us would consider such a salary as a most convenient compromise with "the flesh."

In the event that *Nation* readers believe that the Polings speak for the Protestant ministers of this country, permit me to suggest that they read the thought-provoking condemnation of Billy Graham's techniques which appeared in the May 29 issue of *The Christian Century*.

WILLIAM T. BAIRD
Minister, Essex Community Church

Chicago, Illinois

Holmes's Humanism

Dear Sirs: This is to supplement Mr. David L. Weissman's letter [*The Nation*, June 1] illustrating the humanism of the late Mr. Justice Holmes.

When at the last hour, Mr. Arthur D. Hill, lawyer for Sacco and Vanzetti, appeared before Justice Holmes seeking a stay of execution and federal intervention on the ground that since the court in which they were tried was charged with prejudice and hence the defendants, in effect, were not in court at all, the Justice was quoted in the press to the following effect: That he was much impressed with Mr. Hill's argument and would issue the injunction but for the fact that he was certain that none of his brethren on the bench would share in his sentiment. (Mr. Justice Brandeis had disqualified himself from hearing a similar petition on the ground that members of his family were active in behalf of the defendants.)

RICHARD BADLIAN

Boston, Mass.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Price of Bases

General Carlos Romulo's article (p. 511) should serve as a reminder that the price of overseas military bases is much higher than it used to be. Not to negotiate Status of Forces agreements with the host nations invites antagonism, gives rise to popular agitations and may eventually endanger the bases themselves. Nor do the agreements entirely eliminate these dangers; disputes can arise over their interpretation. In the Girard case in Japan, for example, the division commander certified that the defendant was on official duty; the Japanese insisted he was not. Under the agreement, of course, the host nation has the final determination in disputes over whether an offense is, or is not, committed in performance of duty. But the fact that this was apparently a close decision will inflame isolationist sentiment here; nor will Washington's acquiescence in the decision necessarily allay nationalist sentiment in Japan. It may have the opposite effect. Then, too, the fact that Washington's announcement followed so closely the Tapei riots will suggest to our isolationists that Girard's rights were sacrificed to appease Asian sentiment. And the isolationists already have a strong emotional appeal in the contention that citizens, conscripted for service, should not be tried in courts that fail, in some respects, to adhere to American standards of justice. A legal fight to keep Girard in U.S. hands is already under way. Demagogic agitation here can exacerbrate Japanese-American relations in much the same fashion as does anti-American agitation in Japan.

But this is all part of the price we pay for bases. It is not only the Status of Forces agreements, therefore, that Congress should investigate; it should also study the implications of a foreign policy that requires for its implementation the stationing of American troops in a network of bases extending from Iceland to Tokyo.

No Divorce in Sight

Washington

For several years there has been a trend in some high places here and abroad to foresee a divorce between Communist China and the USSR. This thesis drew sustenance lately from reports of two speeches by Mao Tse-tung. Known interventions by the grand panjandrum of Chinese communism are so rare that every word he says undergoes close scrutiny.

Interest has focused on two of the themes in Mao's secret addresses of February 27 and March 12: first, that even in Communist states "contradiction exists between the masses of the people and their leaders"; and second (here Mao revived slogans he offered last year), "Many flowers should be allowed to bloom" and "Let us satisfy different schools of thought."

Newspapers in Poland published versions of doubtful accuracy and confused the analysts. Polish journalists were probably wrong, for instance, when they wrote that Mao had strongly attacked Moscow's handling of the Hungarian uprising. In fact, Peking's attitude on Hungary has been out-Moscowing Moscow.

Wishful people also read subtle meaning into *Pravda's* abstinence from comment in reprinting the Peking *People's Daily* digest of Mao's remarks. Wiser heads point out that if the Chinese leader's statements had worried the Soviet party chiefs, they would never have permitted *Pravda* to publicize the story at all. Certainly, they did not appear to worry Khrushchev, who composedly reminded his C.B.S. interviewers recently that China, a Communist state for only eight years, conceivably had problems different from those of the USSSR, whose revolution was now forty years old.

One can avoid plunging off the rails about Sino-Soviet relations by keeping in mind Peking's economic, military and political dependence on Moscow. The Russians are building something like 240 factories in China. They are supplying many engineers and other technicians to help operate Chinese industries and train Chinese managers and workers. Moscow has advanced large, long-term credits to China. Red China's second Five Year Plan, starting January 1, 1958, will rely on continuing Soviet assistance. Moreover, for Chinese Communists, Russia is the only major power defending their interests in the United Nations and elsewhere. American policy increases Chinese reliance on the Soviets. Only credulity can assume an early Sino-Soviet split.

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Having stated this, however, we would like to add our belief that Mao's speeches will have an important impact on Soviet policy. They align Comunist China's rulers more firmly than ever on the side of liberalization and against Stalinist police-state methods. That is also the significance of a confidential April 27 directive from the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party. An authentic summary of the directive, which we have seen, has reached Washington from Peking in a third power's diplomatic pouch.

While dismissing talk of a Sino-Soviet rift, it can reasonably be said that Red China has become a prime factor against Soviet relapse into Stalinism. Chinese influence is pulling international communism toward more liberalization, though always within the frontiers of Marxism.

The Wrap-Up

Remember the Great Miami Witch-hunt? the Soviet spies that were plotting with Miami spinsters to seize a local airport? the harassment of scores of witnesses by a local grand jury presided over by Judge George E. Holt? the summary disbarment of Leo Sheiner, an attorney who represented some of the victims? (*The Nation,* August 7, 1954, and January 22, 1955). A few weeks back (April 27, p. 355), we noted with satisfaction that Mr. Sheiner had finally prevailed in his long struggle to have the disbarment judgment reversed. But, in the jargon of the newsroom, the wrap-up can now be written. For the Florida House of Representatives has just voted—65-to-25—the impeachment of Judge Holt for bringing his court into "scandal and disrepute," and Judge Vincent C. Giblin, who had summarily disbarred Sheiner, has now been charged with bringing *his* court into "disgrace, ridicule and contempt" by referring to Judge Holt's handling of receivership cases as "thievery"! What was it the good Dr. Johnson said about the last refuge of scoundrels? That's all for now.

Still in Business

Justice Clark would have us believe that the FBI and other intelligence agencies will have to "close shop" merely because the Supreme Court has ruled that the reports of informers must be made available to the defense in cases where they appear as witnesses. Nor is he alone in these forebodings. Representative Francis Walter and Senator James Eastland want Congress to adopt emergency legislation to keep the FBI in business. And the New York *Herald Tribune* suggests in an editorial that "the whole structure of the FBI and its strength and stature depend upon" the completely confidential character of the reports it receives from informers. This, of course, is the view of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover (see, for example, his article in the *Syracuse Law Journal*, fall, 1956).

More extravagant nonsense has not been voiced in weeks. In the first place, the informer is of primary interest to the FBI in only a few types of prosecution, such as violations of narcotic laws, violations of certain sumptuary legislation and political prosecutions (as in violations of the Smith Act or perjury prosecutions arising under the Taft-Hartley Act). Secondly, the Supreme Court's ruling does not require the FBI to identify informers; it simply gives the defendant in a criminal prosecution the right to inspect reports which informers who appear as witnesses have previously made to the FBI. In such cases, it is up to the FBI whether it wants to disclose the informer's identity. If national security requires that the identity be protected, the courts cannot compel revelation. But the decision does put Mr. Hoover's agency on notice that an informer will not be able to modify, change or enlarge upon his original reports without fear of cross-examination. And if Justice Brennan's decision rests, as it appears to rest, on the Fifth Amendment, then it follows that Messrs. Walter and Eastland will be unable to circumvent it by special legislation.

Meanwhile, everyone may relax: national security has not been endangered, the FBI will remain in business.

Labor's Double Standard

Seven officials of the U.A.W. have now invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee. Robert Morris, the committee's counsel, comments with irrepressible glee that the AFL-CIO has not yet taken disciplinary action against any of them, while Senator James O. Eastland expresses the pious hope that "there is no double standard between Dave Beck and these things." The charge of a double standard of ethics applies not to the circumstances cited by the committee's chairman and counsel, but to the unfortunate action of the AFL-CIO in setting up a standard for its own officers—i.e., barring them from pleading the Fifth—which is at variance with the standard sanctioned by the Constitution. Even lawyers, who are officers of the court, and applicants for entrance to the bar cannot be penalized for invoking the protection of an amendment which, if invoked by an officer of a union affiliated with the AFL-CIO, invites disciplinary action. At the time the AFL-CIO adopted this short-sighted policy we pointed out that it would plague the labor movement until it was repealed (*The Nation*, February 16 and April 6). The latest developments amply confirm this judgment; and the end is not yet in sight. Eventually, of course, the AFL-CIO will be compelled to rescind the policy. If it acts promptly, it will not only minimize

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the consequences, but possibly save itself the embarrassment of having the policy struck down by the courts as an unconstitutional infringement on the rights of American citizens.

Mr. Dulles Goes Out for Lunch

Washington

In 1951, Konrad Adenauer and Moshe Sharett signed an agreement under which West Germany is paying Israel $780,000,000 in goods over twelve years as partial restitution for Nazi crimes against the Jews. The Germans have been meeting this debt of honor punctually. Israel maintains a purchasing mission in Cologne. In these economic affairs there hasn't been the slightest hitch.

But a snag appeared after Israel raised the question of establishing full diplomatic relations. Israeli political parties showed reluctance about erecting an embassy in Bonn and still more about admitting a German embassy to Tel Aviv. There's no inclination to forget the Nazis' murder of six million Jews. Nevertheless, the government of Israel decided to make the plunge. Whatever the merit of this move *per se*, subsequent developments shed interesting light on American policy.

The Israeli Embassy in Washington asked the State Department to use its good offices to help normalize relations between West Germany and Israel. The department consented. Secretary Dulles discussed the suggestion with German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano when the German diplomat came to Washington last March. Afterwards Eban heard that both the Adenauer-Brentano cabinet and the Eisenhower Administration backed the plan.

But nothing happened. It seems that Ambassador Eban had been "had." The explanation soon was unveiled.

Leaders of the German Federal Republic had grown afraid of their own courage. They recoiled from the risk that the Arab countries might retaliate by recognizing the East German Communist regime. Such threats —especially from Egypt—were already current before Adenauer signed the reparations deal with Israel. The Arabs then warned that they might strike back with a trade boycott against West Germany.

The State Department, meanwhile, talked out of both sides of its mouth. It told Eban it was supporting normalization of relations. Secretly it advised the Germans to go slowly and to avoid action which might provoke fresh trouble in the Middle East. It whispered that opening German diplomatic relations with the Jewish state now could rock the boat.

When the Arabs growled and threatened in 1951, Adenauer ignored their blackmail and signed the reparations pact with Israel. This time, with State Department encouragement, the blackmailers have won.

When Adenauer visited Washington for three days at the end of May, the Israelis thought this offered an excellent opportunity to settle the normalization of German-Israeli relations. Yet nobody mentioned the subject. Dulles had posted an out-for-lunch sign on his good offices.

GIs and ASIAN JUSTICE . . *by Carlos P. Romulo*

Washington

THE DAY AFTER an angry mob destroyed the American Embassy in Taipei, I addressed the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in New York. In the course of my speech (press reports of which were garbled), I said in part:

> The recent unfortunate developments in Japan, Korea and Formosa are indeed most deplorable. Violence is inexcusable and must be condemned. However, while we must express our shock and dismay at such manifestation of mob rule, those of us who are friends of America and who come from that section of the world, must trace the cause of the outbursts because it is evident that they are not confined to one particular region but are spreading wherever the United States has military bases in the Far East.
>
> We err when we attribute these disturbances to Communist agitation. While there is no doubt that they are welcome ammunition for the Communists, who aid and abet them whenever they are given the opportunity, the fact is that these disturbances are not Communist-inspired. They also err who say that the disturbances are an expression of a growing sentiment of anti-Americanism because of the large number of Americans employed in Korea and Formosa or because of these Americans' high standard of living which, it is claimed, has aroused envy on the part of the natives.
>
> The truth is that in Japan as well as in Korea and Formosa, the recent outbursts were ignited by incidents resulting from the trial of American soldiers. The crimes for which these soldiers were accused did not arouse the indignation of the populace as much as the fact that the courts of the country where the crimes were committed were not allowed to try the accused. What was resented was that the native civil courts were made to yield to the American military.
>
> May I say in this connection that even in the Philippines—and I daresay you will not find anywhere a more friendly people, more appreciа-

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tive of American friendship than my people—the recent Philippine-American negotiations on military bases have been stymied because of disagreement between the American and Filipino panels on the question of court jurisdiction, precisely the same question that is the root-cause of the troubles in Japan, Korea and Formosa.

We in Asia recall with gratitude and admiration that it was the United States that pioneered in exposing, denouncing and opposing the extra-territoriality rights in China. It is therefore difficult for Asians to understand why America should now insist in denying court jurisdiction to civil authorities for its soldiers. To us, court jurisdiction is part and parcel of our national sovereignty, and especially to peoples newly liberated, national sovereignty is sacrosanct. Anything that violates it arouses the resentment of the people.

Japan, Korea and Nationalist China are unquestionably aware of the incontestable fact that they have no better friend than the United States. In the history of the world, there has not been as generous a victor in its treatment of a vanquished foe as the United States has been to Japan. Korea and Nationalist China do not have to be told that they owe their present security in large measure to American largesse and American protection.

It is certainly not ingratitude that has caused them to forget themselves. The Communists are mistaken in exploiting the riots as a sign of anti-Americanism. The Koreans and the Nationalist Chinese have not changed their loyalty to democracy and they remain true friends and allies of the United States.

But the events of the recent past can serve as a reminder that even among the closest of friends there must be at all times mutual respect for each other's rights, that only that friendship is worth having that is based on equality, that one nation cannot demand for itself what it denies to others, and that it is not anti-Americanism for the Japanese and the Koreans and the Nationalist Chinese to defend their national self-respect. A nation devoid of self-respect falls in the category of a puppet, and those of us who believe in America know that America wants no puppets but only equal allies and loyal friends.

My purpose in this speech was to focus American public attention on a problem about which I felt the overwhelming majority of the American people knew very little, and which, in my opinion, should be squarely presented because it is vital for the United States to win the respect and confidence of the peoples of Asia.

Equal treatment with European nations in trying American soldiers stationed in their respective countries is the insistent demand of the sovereign nations in Asia. Wherever there are American troops in Europe, the United States has what is known as Status of Forces agreements in which the rights of both parties are spelled out. These are the rights of the United States to try American soldiers for offenses committed on the base or on duty, while court jurisdiction is given to the host country over all other offenses unless the host country waives such right. The Asian nations, except Japan, have no such agreement with the United States.

In the Philippines, we have what is known as the Military Bases Agreement signed between our two countries on March 14, 1947. It provides, *inter alia*, that the United States shall have the right to exercise jurisdiction over "any offense committed by any person within any base except where the offender and offended parties are both Philippine citizens (not members of the Armed Forces of the U.S. in active duty) or the offense is against the security of the Philippines."

Under this provision, the Speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives recently said,

> Any alien who violates Philippine laws within [American] bases by committing, for example, the crime of murder, which is defined in our Revised Penal Code, is beyond the reach of our courts, even if the victim is a Filipino. . . . As a consequence, there has accumulated during the past nine years a series of incidents which have taxed even the proverbial patience of the Filipino and have caused a smoldering and increasing resentment on the part of my countrymen. We have had cases, for example, of base personnel or their dependents running over a child, or causing damage to property, and scurrying to the bases for immunity; we have had the case of a Filipino who was shot by a sentry, and when attempts were made to find out whether or not the latter was justified in his act, the military authorities refused to give even the name of the offending soldier; we also have had cases of Filipino citizens expelled from Philippine territory included within the bases, not as the result of a fair and judicial trial by their countrymen but upon the recommendation of administrative boards in which alien civilians, Chinese, for example, could sit as members. . . . When Filipino miners were being threatened in Bueno Hill in Tarlac for allegedly encroaching upon territory claimed as part of the bases in Pampanga, [the late] President Magsaysay went to the scene of the conflict and, after conferring with American officials, succeeded in removing the check-points, which consisted of guards and barbed wires reminiscent of the harsh Japanese military occupation, but no sooner had the President left than the check-points were restored.

The agreement also provides, in Article XIV, that no arrests shall be made or process served within the bases except with the previous consent of the commanding officer thereof. This provision clearly places the American military over the Philippine officials and it makes the prior consent of the base commanding officer so important he can suspend or delay the trial of a criminal.

IN CONTRAST with all this, the U.S. agreement with Iceland provides under Section 1(a), Article 2, of the Annex that "the United States military courts will on no occasion have jurisdiction in Iceland over nationals of Iceland or other persons who are not subject to the military laws of the United States." Section 2(b) of the same Article provides that "the authorities of Iceland shall have jurisdiction over the members of the United States forces with respect to offenses committed within Iceland and punishable by the law of Iceland." And Section 3(a) of said Article stipulates that "the military authorities of the United States shall have the right to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over persons subject to the military law

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of the United States with respect to offenses relating to its security, but not to that of Iceland, and to all acts punishable by the law of the United States, but not by the law of Iceland."

Comparing the U.S.-Iceland agreement with the U.S.-Philippine Military Bases Agreement, it is evident that in the Philippines the United States has extra-territorial rights which it did not demand and certainly did not get from Iceland.

Having this in mind, at the Bataan-Corregidor memorial dinner held here in Washington on May 6, 1957, in addressing a group of members of the U.S. House of Representatives and the U.S. Senate, cabinet members, members of the Supreme Court, U.S. Army, Air and Navy officers, and the press, I made the following appeal:

> At this very moment, the nature and quality of American friendship with the Philippines is under test. The scrutiny exists among my own people, quite naturally, but it is even more acute among the billion human beings whose ultimate choice may determine the outcome of the struggle between freedom and democracy, on the one hand, and slavery, tyranny and totalitarianism on the other. . . .
>
> They are waiting to see whether all the years of mutual loyalty between two friends from different worlds, the Americans and the Filipinos, can be marred by misunderstanding. They are waiting to see whether the United States will maintain an absolute respect for the national sovereignty and territorial integrity of the Philippines. This is fundamental. They are waiting to see whether the relationship between our two countries will continue to be that of equals, or whether there will be an unwitting deterioration into a semblance of the master-slave relationship that exists between the Soviet Union and her so-called friends—whom we call, more accurately, her satellites or even her colonies.
>
> For our part, I need not assure you that we wish nothing more, and nothing less, than equality. We wish this in our own behalf, and in your behalf as well. The Philippines gladly chooses the title of friend and ally; it honors you as well as it honors us. We will never accept the title of colony or satellite; it would dishonor you and degrade us. . . .

The negotiations by two panels, an American and a Filipino, started last year on the Philippine-American Military Bases Agreement, have been recessed. The impasse is mainly on the matter of court jurisdiction. When the discussions will be resumed is not certain.

One month after his inauguration in 1954, the late President Magsaysay, than whom America had no truer friend anywhere, specifically instructed me to take up this question of military bases with the U.S. Government. He said: "We must have the Filipino flag displayed on all these military bases and we must have our court jurisdiction respected. On these points no Filipino can yield. I hope our American friends will understand how important it is for me to keep the confidence of our people." [The Filipino flag now flies over U.S. bases; see editorial in *The Nation*, June 8, p. 490.—Ed.]

When the negotiations are continued, those of us who have faith in America are confident that President Magsaysay's words will not be ignored.

SITZKRIEG on the BUDGET LINE

Frederic W. Collins

Washington

NOW THAT the Battle of the Budget approaches a conclusion, it is worth examining as a whole. Public attention has perhaps focused with greatest intensity on the incredible confusion which the Administration has thrown around the subject, as evidenced by the unending series of conflicting statements by the President and his top officers. On the surface, this has had its amusing aspects. But a review of the whole performance suggests that what we have witnessed has been a failure of government, almost a collapse.

There are lessons here which Americans should heed the next time they must consider putting a military man in the White House. One is tempted to lay down a flat rule, "Never again!"—at least until there is some assurance that the civics course at West Point has been vastly improved. Other questions arise as to the wisdom of giving career business men a dominant majority in the cabinet. But as the budget story unfolded, it was the President who put on the worst show.

The President showed a basic misunderstanding of the Executive function, of the relationship of a President to his Cabinet, to Congress, to his party in Congress, to his party generally; he seems to have missed the significance of party platforms in modern politics, of the connection between a budget and a legislative program, and the connection between such a program and a political philosophy.

It is widely believed here that Mr. Eisenhower never wanted to be bothered by the budget. While Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman always conducted their own "budget seminars" to provide the press with background on the document being sent to Congress, Mr. Eisenhower left that work to his budget director and to his Secretary of the Treasury. It is not impossible to believe that when the regency was pressuring Mr. Eisenhower to run again in 1956, it felt able to assure him that he would need to take on no work beyond the presentation of his radiant personality to the electorate during the campaign, and that having won, he could spend his second term thinking of peace and modern Republicanism while the staff did the work.

Just about the time the budget went up, a change occurred in Mr.

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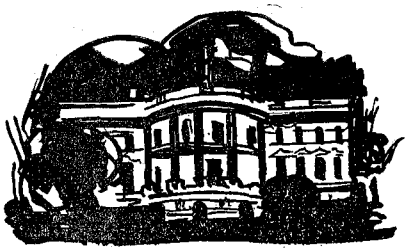
Eisenhower's government. Dr. Arthur F. Burns, who recognized the inflationary potential in the budget but who was not panicked by it, left the Council of Economic Advisers. The vacuum was filled by the apprehensions of George Humphrey, and it seems quite likely that Mr. Eisenhower's thoughts about big spending immediately underwent a change.

AFTER endorsing the budget in a statement which the President himself—so Mr. Eisenhower has said—helped to prepare, Mr. Humphrey voiced his private worries about the document. The controversy being opened, two things happened. In press-conference statements, Mr. Eisenhower made it unmistakably clear that he believed Congress had primary responsibility for the budget. (It can only be concluded that Mr. Eisenhower actually did not understand his statutory responsibility in the budget-making process.) Second, instead of repudiating his Secretary of the Treasury, whose resignation would have been in order in a truly coherent government, the President repudiated his budget. These events combined to produce an inevitable consequence: the business community and the press, both of which had defaulted in their obligation of criticism during Mr. Eisenhower's first term, were now free to speak their own thoughts. When these supporters of the regime launched their insurrection, a broad and profound change in public opinion was exposed which the politicians were quick to spot. But Mr. Eisenhower, not being a politician, failed to spot it. Perhaps he would have had trouble anyway, as a first exhibit under the Twenty-Second Amendment which limits Presidents to two terms. But when the lack of political support for his position became evident, he was done for, right then and there.

There simply is no rational explanation for the succeeding episodes in which Mr. Humphrey again, Treasury Under Secretary Burgess and even Presidential assistant Sherman Adams took it upon themselves to subvert the President's position as he flounderingly sought to organize a defense for his budget. For that matter, there is no explanation in tactical logic for the President's invitation to Congress to cut the budget, or for the revisions he himself sent to Speaker Rayburn. Nor is it possible to understand how business men, who pride themselves on their budgeting and bookkeeping, fell into such anarchy of thought. If Mr. Humphrey had put on the same performance with the M. A. Hanna Company or National Steel, or if Charles E. Wilson had permitted such shenanigans in General Motors, the directors and stockholders would have chased them out of town.

When it eventually dawned on Mr. Eisenhower that he, his budget and his legislative program were really



in trouble, his reaction was to display a concept of the Presidency which may charitably be called naive. The headlines said he was carrying his fight to the people, and his staff sought diligently to build a picture of the peerless leader rallying popular support to overwhelm the Congressional enemy. But Mr. Eisenhower said he was only informing the people, and when he says things like that he means just what he says. Reporters, following patterns of thought developed under other Presidents, tried to put Mr. Eisenhower in touch with the handful of men in Congress who were ready to fight on his side: "Republican Senators Clifford Case, Cooper, Javits, Bush and some others. . . ." Rarely has a President been given a better opportunity to lead his friends into battle. But nothing like that for Mr. Eisenhower: "I don't see how it is possible for any President to work with the Republican group in Congress, the whole Republican group, except through their elected leadership." It is useful to pause and imagine how Senators Case, Cooper, *et al.* felt as they read that on the ticker, and to contemplate the pleasure with which it was read by Knowland, Bridges & Co.

Now, the civics text at West Point could not be expected to deal in detail with the arts by which a President may legitimately bring his influence to bear in Congress. It is curious, however, that training in the techniques of battle did not suggest any analogies to the Presidential mind. To leave one's friends isolated and leaderless, and to rely on echelons of command known to be dissident, cannot be the way to win military engagements. "I have no right and no desire to punish anybody," said the President, although reasonable discipline is indispensable to effective conduct of Presidential relations with Congress and the party. "The organization of the Senate and of the political parties within the Senate," he said also, "is a matter for Senate decision and for the party decision in the Senate. It has never even crossed my mind to ask the resignation of anybody because they are not direct subordinates of mine." But how does Mr. Eisenhower suppose that the party in the Senate and the party in the White House can be so completely compartmentalized as all that and still function as a unified organism?

The one important thing distinguishing the party in power from the party out of power is its possession of the Presidency, and the circumstances implies obligation of the party to the Presidency.

The extent of Mr. Eisenhower's militancy of leadership was expressed in two ways. "I am committed to support of people" who take the 1956 platform as their political doctrine. And, "I hope that I will never be accused of being so namby-pamby that I don't have degrees of enthusiasm about people who stand with me and those that stand against me."

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of running a government or a party that way has now been demonstrated. At the Republican "grass roots" meeting in Trenton—held after the President's two appeals to the nation—Meade Alcorn, the Republican national chairman, openly acknowledged a rebellion among state leaders against the budget, the aid-to-education bill and foreign aid. And one leader instructed Mr. Eisenhower

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that regional conferences such as the Trenton affair were a truer reflection of party thought than the platform, because the White House hands the platform down, while regional sentiment comes up from below.

It should be noted again that Mr. Eisenhower did not really make a fight for his budget. His first speech was occupied almost wholly with the defense items, his second with foreign aid. Perhaps he does have somewhat special interest in these parts of his program. But the man who once said, "As long as I am in a fight, I never rest. . . . I shall never stop until a decision is reached," actually did not go beyond rhetoric. It is a disturbing—though subsidiary—thought that such effectiveness as the rhetoric had is ascribable simply and exclusively to the fact that Emmet Hughes was brought in to write the second speech. Mr. Hughes did superbly, but how firm a foundation is writing skill for a cause in behalf of a great national policy?

There really isn't much evidence that the President cared one way or another. It might be helpful to think for a moment about his almost pathetic confidence in the magic of the item veto. Therein, perhaps, lies the clue to his behavior on the budget. It almost seems as if Mr. Eisenhower is dedicated to the kind of government in which everyone else does the proposing, and the President, in rare and crucial instances, disposes. Once upon a time Mr. Eisenhower let his policy-makers drift dangerously close to intervention in Indo-China, interposing his veto only at the last moment. He permitted the same thing to happen with respect to involvement at Quemoy and Matsu, again using his veto at the last moment. The history of the great acts of his Administration shows a negative cast.

It would undoubtedly be far more convenient for the President to stand above the budget battle completely until something lands on his desk all wrapped up by Congress—a document with which, after appropriate staff analysis, he could deal by item vetoes. But does such a process represent Presidential leadership?

COURAGE for PEACE . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

NOTHING BETTER illustrates the dilemma facing the world in 1957, and every individual in it, than a remark exchanged a few days ago between the new Secretary General of NATO and a French journalist. "Would it not," the latter asked, "be better to remain alive and be bolshevized?" To which Spaak replied: "That is the attitude of a collaborator." Both the question and the answer reveal the *impasse* to which we have come. For the plain fact is that we in the West, and millions of others in "uncommitted" lands, accept neither alternative. We want to remain alive without being bolshevized, and we do not think that Spaak's reply is good enough. We are not collaborators because we believe that the policy of cold war has reached the end of the road; we are not collaborators because we believe that the piling up of nuclear weapons is in the long run too dangerous to be tolerated. We are sick of hearing the hydrogen bomb described as "the greatest deterrent to war"; we remember, on the contrary, that it is now over two years since *The Times* here described it presciently as "the greatest deterrent to peace." Moreover, we are pretty sure that those in Washington and elsewhere who are concerned with policy-making are as disillusioned about the cold war and its applicability to the conditions of 1957 as we are. We believe that President Eisenhower himself, and his "Secretary for Peace," Harold Stassen—to name but two—are sincerely desirous of breaking through the ice which ten years of cold war have left behind—if only they can find a foolproof way. And here, precisely here, is the rub. For two years at least the words "*détente*," "thaw," "peaceful co-existence," have been on everybody's lips until we are beginning to be sick of them, too. But everything has remained in a state of inanition for fear lest any positive action might be misconstrued. The merest hint of appeasement, the most obviously self-interested complaint by a cold-war ally, has been sufficient to bring any move for disengagement to a halt. Statesmen on both sides of the Iron Curtain have become prisoners in a net of their own weaving; and the weft of which this net is woven is fear.

Herewith we come to the crux of the problem. The crisis is a crisis of confidence. At the bottom of our hearts we all know what has to be done: the problem is the practical one of how to do it. No one in his senses will quarrel with the Pope's denunciation of our policies as absurd: absurd, he said, because, while dreading war as the greatest catastrophe, they put all their trust in war, as if war were the only means of regulating international relations. Unhappily moral exhortation is not enough. From the time of Einstein's dying message in 1955, scientists of the highest distinction have warned us of the alternatives facing us not in the future but now. Never has the world had so many organizations dedicated to saving it from extinction; every post brings a new manifesto, and though some are the work of cranks, the bulk are serious, worthy and well-informed. But all assume—and it is their fatal flaw—that the first hurdle has been jumped, that confidence has been restored. What more sensible, for example, than to devote the money spent in 1956 for war preparation—110 billion dollars in all—to produce

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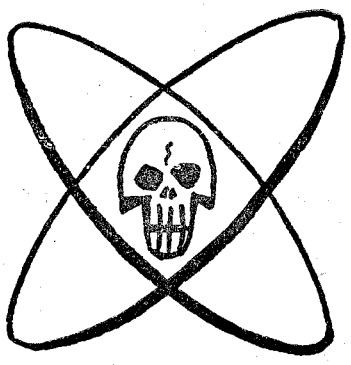

useful goods and services for all people, but what is the chance of putting such a proposal into effect so long as America fears Russia, and Russia fears America, and the rest of the world fears both? If we are to get out of the cold war and into an atmosphere of sanity, it is not by plans such as these—excellent as they may be on their own level—but by an alternative policy that can be implemented within the traditional patterns with which statesmen are familiar.

An alternative policy—let us make no mistake about it—requires a real shift of perspective; but it does not necessitate an impossible leap in the dark across the chasm dividing the Communist and non-Communist worlds. It does not mean "trusting the Russians"; it does not require unquestioning acceptance of Russian protestations of good will (*vid.*, Khrushchev's recent TV interview); it does not imply that we should innocently believe that Russia's anxious pleas for general disarmament are based entirely on a sudden accession of humanitarian sentiment. Of course they are not. The men in the Kremlin appreciate, as well as you and I, that the Soviet Union at present has no long-range missiles ready to bombard the American continent, while the United States is busy planting tactical weapons all round Russia's perimeter; and no one doubts that this factor counts in their calculations. The fact remains that Russia's fears create an opportunity which would not otherwise exist. What is so disconcerting about Western diplomacy is that it seems to think that it has only to disclose the unavowed motive to be excused from exploring the opportunity. At their recent meeting at Bonn, we are told, Macmillan and Adenauer discussed "how the Soviet diplomatic offensive should be countered." If the report is true, it gives us the exact measure of what is wrong and an exact idea of what a change of perspective signifies. It means descending from the cuckoo-land of diplomatic chess, where policy is based on artificial analysis of the worst possible evils the other party might inflict in the worst possible circumstances, to the realities of things as they are.

We laugh when Khrushchev and his friends paint a lurid picture of a wicked America plotting to encircle the Soviet Union, for we are sure it is not true. And the Russians laugh when Dulles paints a lurid picture of international communism fomenting revolution and subversion the whole world over; for by the same token they are sure it is not true. But, in reality, it is no laughing matter. It means that diplomacy and policy-making are dangerously out of touch with reality, and the adjustment that is required is to bring them back into touch with reality. These realities are posited by the world in which we live—a world so wildly different from politicians' statements about it that you could not possibly reconstruct it if those statements were all the evidence you had to go on. The first reality is that, as far as millions of people are concerned, communism has come to stay. The second is that millions of others reject it outright and will have nothing to do with it. The third is that quite as many millions are equally blunt in rejecting the alternative system—call it "capitalist" or "free" or "liberal" or what you will. The fourth is that there is not the remotest likelihood that the Communist and non-Communist worlds can "fight it out" with any real hope of success for either, and that neither is likely, within any appreciable period of time, to collapse from internal strain. (Events in Hungary were significant and important, but those who interpreted them as evidence of imminent collapse were woefully at sea.) Fifthly, for millions more who are not Communists, particularly in Asia and Africa, communism is a respectable system in the sense that, though they may not want it themselves, they are able to contemplate it without apoplectic or psychopathological reactions. As between America and Russia, they feel, it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; as Chester Bowles has reminded us, in a recent Indian poll 38 per cent selected the United States as the nation most likely to start World War III, while only 2 per cent selected Soviet Russia and 1 per cent Communist China. Sixthly, these same millions do not really believe the conflict between Russia and America is as vital as it is painted; they have their own objectives—nationalism, anti-colonialism, social and economic betterment—and refuse to be bulldozed into either camp. And, finally, much the same attitude is invading the old world. We in Europe are sick to death of being harangued and threatened by both sides; we are more and more inclined to contract out of the quarrel; we feel it has about as much relevance to the world in which we live as the Wars of Religion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The profound revulsion in Germany in recent weeks, which looks like unseating Adenauer from his throne, is striking evidence that we have had enough.

ALL THIS means that Western policy—and Russian policy as well—have been postulated upon false premises: above all, upon a false assessment of the possibilities that are open to them. Both sides have pursued objectives which it is unrealistic to suppose could ever be attained. Consequently their policies have met only where they conflicted; other points of contact, particularly in the economic field where they did not conflict, have been ignored. No one doubts, for example, the immense economic benefits that would accrue to Europe, both East and West, from raising the Iron Curtain; President Eisenhower himself has emphasized the strain imposed by armaments on the American as well as on the Russian economy. To seek practical remedies for such conditions, and to cut away from a pol-

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icy which has ceased to pay dividends, is not impossibly utopian, since it offers tangible advantages to both sides. From this starting-point, therefore, precisely because it takes account of sober realities, it should be within the power of policy-makers to prepare, in broad outline, the blueprint of an alternative policy which can be applied today without awaiting the fulfillment of an impossible series of preliminary conditions.

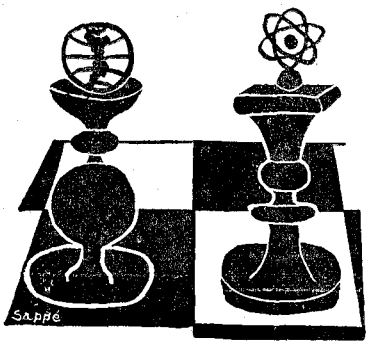
Such a blueprint will take account of the following points:

1. Any alternative policy must start from a central issue, because none of the peripheral issues, however important, (e.g., the Middle East), can of itself produce the change of atmosphere which is the essential precondition for further advance.

2. No one today doubts that this central issue is disarmament. Furthermore, no one who has followed the proceedings of the current disarmament conference in London doubts that some sort of agreement is now a practical possibility. Such an agreement need not be comprehensive; for the essential thing is to break through the wall of fear and prejudice which for so long has blocked all progress. That is why President Eisenhower's statement on May 8 favoring a neutral zone based on the so-called "Eden plan," and his promise that Mr. Zorin's version of the "open skies" scheme would receive "very earnest study," raised the world's hopes; it is also why Mr. Dulles' denial on May 14 that such proposals were under consideration dashed them again. The case has become a test case because, as the President said, the proposals for a neutral belt offer possibilities of an "evolutionary development" leading to agreement over a wider field. Above all else, they create an opportunity for disengagement.

3. No disarmament proposals, however limited, can succeed except on three conditions. The first is that there must be a genuine willingness —assuming that acceptable conditions for inspection, etc., can be devised—to forego nuclear weapons. It would scarcely be necessary to mention this, were it not widely reported that an influential section in the Pentagon, headed by General Twining, is preparing to fight any proposals for discontinuing the production of nuclear weapons under any circumstances whatsoever. Secondly, the question must be disentangled from all secondary issues. Thirdly, the balance of forces in the world being what it is, the issue is essentially one between the United States and the Soviet Union; Khrushchev was only speaking the sober truth when, in his recent interview with *The New York Times,* he said that the only way to avoid total war was an agreement between the two giants.

4. The particular secondary issue from which all discussions of disarmament and disengagement must be disentangled is German reunification. The simple truth is that there is no logical connection between them, and that they have been associated for purely tactical reasons; yet through this association the disarmament discussions of 1954 and 1955 broke down. Furthermore, this connection is not only an unnecessary obstacle to disarmament; it is also the worst service we can perform to the cause of German unity. If it is really our wish to see Germany reunited—and reunification is a condition of pacification in Europe—we cannot do better than to leave Adenauer and Grotewohl to argue it out between themselves. If Russia and the United States withdrew, as they would in the event of the creation of a neutral zone, German reunification would not be long delayed. From this point of view, President Eisenhower's assurance to Adenauer that any disarmament measure agreed to with the Soviet Union would take into account the "link" between European security and German reunification, represents a step backward.



5. The whole policy of NATO is urgently due for rethinking. As the British White Paper stated with brutal candor, Western Europe is indefensible in modern war. The idea that a NATO force of nine divisions, even equipped with atomic weapons, can provide an effective shield even for a brief holding operation is derisory. Militarily speaking, for the United States to base atomic weapons in France or Germany is to make a present of them to Russia, in the case of war. Furthermore, it is impossible to think of any war involving Western Europe which will not be total war. Yet for the sake of this illusory shield, we are jeopardizing the possibility of a disengagement of the Great Powers from Central Europe which would allow us all to breathe again.

6. Therefore the possibilities of a mutual disbanding of NATO and the Warsaw alliance require immediate exploration. Their implication would be a withdrawal of U.S. forces from Western Germany (leaving German troops in control, but without atomic weapons), step by step with a Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Germany and from Poland, and if possible from other Eastern European territories. The almost certain consequence would be German reunification. For those who have tender consciences over Hungary, the plan would also recommend itself as the best means of alleviating the Soviet yoke bearing down upon the satellites.

7. Whatever short-term gains may be made, there can be no permanent settlement in the Middle East unless Russia is brought into negotiation. There are two reasons for this. First, historically and geographically, Russia's interests in the region are legitimate and undeniable; there is not the least possibility of shutting her out by a *cordon sanitaire.* Secondly, the Middle Eastern countries themselves are not prepared to exclude her; they will accept aid and support where they can get it, particularly if they can get it "without strings." America can gain nothing by disregarding this attitude, which is strong throughout Asia. It can, indeed, pursue the alternative policy

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of partitioning the Middle East—which is in effect the policy of the Eisenhower Plan—but this can only result in heightening tension.

8. Finally—because we must draw the line somewhere, and this is not the place to discuss the Western Pacific and American relations with Communist China—the governing conceptions of the whole foreign-aid program must be reconsidered. Foreign aid, as administered today, is a vast para-military weapon. Whether it is an efficient weapon, even by its own standards, may be left undiscussed. What seems certain is that it makes as many enemies as friends. Arms to Pakistan have undermined American relations with India; arms to Iraq have adversely affected relations with Egypt; aid to Jordan is an affront to Syria. Furthermore, even the United States' good friends, President Menderes of Turkey, for example, and Field Marshal Pibul Songgram of Siam, have protested against the terms on which aid is given. As Pibul once said in Washington, the countries of Asia, which had experienced political bondage, now fear "economic shackles." Yet the policy of economic aid embodies a true conception, in so far as it perceives that the survival of freedom depends in the first place not on arms, but on the struggle against poverty. But it has gone wrong by combining in one instrument the struggle against poverty with the struggle against communism. To be effective, aid must not only be given without military ties or expectation of political gratitude; it must also be given in the forms desired by the receiving nations. And there is no doubt that the receiving nations desire aid to be channelled through an international agency without political strings. If the United States can rise to the occasion and give the lead in this, it will win (as it has failed so far to win) the confidence of the "uncommitted" millions—one-third of mankind—and can look to the future with a hope and confidence no accumulated mass of nuclear weapons can ever provide.

Politics in an Age of Bigness . . *by Michael Reagan*

This is the conclusion of a two-part article; the first part, Gearing Democracy to Bigness, appeared last week. The author is in the department of political science at Williams College.

POLITICS is about power. The tasks of democratic politics are to ensure that the struggle over power and the ends toward which it is directed be open, and that participation in the directing of power to the furtherance of the good society not be restricted to an élite's conception of that society. The first requirement cannot be met if power goes unrecognized; the second cannot be met if the political system gives greater weight to special group pressures than to majority processes in which each man's voice is equal. On both counts, American democracy today is enfeebled.

The root source of the trouble again lies in the scale of modern industrial society. Giantism produces complexity and generates power through group organization. Big, activist government is an inevitable response; as government becomes responsible for welfare and security and for reconciling group demands with public order, politics and economics become a seamless web of interrelated decisions. Economic organizations then seek to control government as a weapon in the economic struggle.

Politics today can ignore economic power groups only at its peril. The American political system, designed in an age concerned with making *governmental* power accountable, and which still centers on this while ignoring the growth of *private* centers of power, is in such peril today: the system may become irrelevant to the making of major decisions in our society.

Democracy is not just a matter of popular will on one side and agencies of government on the other. There must be links between the two, institutionalized procedures for impressing the popular will upon the government. These range from the President's mail through public-opinion polls to elections and the representative process. Only the latter are real sanctions, and in a government as large as ours the election of a President is not a totally effective mode of public control over the myriad agencies and their policy-makers—particularly when many agencies of economic control are made independent of Presidential control and thus independent, in part, of any public control. One of our great needs, then, is the invention of representative political institutions which can enforce the popular will upon the administrators of government, who are now subjected to very strong pressure from producer groups and only very weak pressure from popular representatives. The present situation makes a farce of our pretensions to equality of political power, for the voice of organized groups is far louder than that of the unorganized majority, which has only the sporadic instrument of the ballot box by which to make itself heard.

One of the reasons we have done little thinking on these political problems is that, as I suggested in the first of these two pieces, we think too much in economic terms, failing to recognize the human, political problems of an industrial economy whose power groups—corporations, trade unions, professional and trade associations—do more day-to-day governing of our lives than does "The Government." Since World War II, the liberals in the United States and Laborites in Britain, who should have been the persons most concerned with new problems of power, have expended all their energies in pursuit of full employment and a government-guaranteed prosperity. We have full employment and to some extent the welfare state, but

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there remain the problems of power which we are only beginning to discern. In this respect, I would maintain that full employment has been given too exclusive an emphasis; the economic success which full employment reflects hides the political failure to achieve a distribution of social power compatible with democracy and individual development. We hear it said that liberals here and Socialists on the other side are stagnant because all their goals have been achieved. If this is true, it is a damning indictment, for it means that the goals have been narrow, material ones, not the broad ones of power and freedom.

TWO new books, by Walton Hamilton and John Maurice Clark respectively,* will serve to illustrate the problems created by the new power groups. Both take as their starting point the overthrow of the competitive market economy by a new corporate capitalism whose most notable feature is the power of firms, unions, trade associations and other private groups to affect their own destinies and those of others subject to their actions. "The stream of judgments by which the vast network of productive activities is kept going no longer emerges from the automatic play of economic forces," writes Hamilton, a noted lawyer and author of *The Pattern of Competition.* Instead, "corporate decisions involve discretion . . . and the making of policy, and policy is a political phenomenon." Or as Clark—perhaps the dean of American economists—puts it, "Our system can no longer fairly be characterized as a competitive one. . . . Rather, it has become an indeterminate economy of organized groups, in which competitive forces act on the 'business' sector, but spottily and unevenly."

Looking at politics as comprising all avenues through which men are governed, Walton Hamilton is concerned with the private, hidden quality of industrial government. In the corporation he notes a highly structured, well-developed political organization; but in the national economy there is "as yet very little in the shape of formal political organization." Therefore, if there is to be adequate institutional control over decisions which are administered rather than market-determined, we can argue from where he leaves off that here is a power struggle which must be brought into the open. Industrial decisions must be recognized as *power* decisions and should be made under circumstances in which the programs and the choices among competing values can be examined by the people in whose name the privilege of incorporation is granted. The question is not public control or competition; it is public government or private government. As an example of private government, Hamilton cites the process of railroad rate-making in which, un-

warranted by the Interstate Commerce Act and forbidden by the anti-trust laws, a "hierarchy of rate bureaus" acting for groups of carriers has grown up and seized the initiative in rate-making. The resulting rate structure, he asserts, is "cumbersome, full of inconsistencies, and moored to the past."

More recent, and with as yet unrecognized breadth and significance, is the appearance of a new guild system. "A treatment in a beauty shop," says Hamilton, "can hardly be accounted as among the higher mysteries. . . . Yet such trades as that of the tonsorial artist, the beautician, the mortician and the realtor have been called 'learned' and have been subjected to regulation." Thanks to the professional boards given legal sanction by members of the group concerned, the would-be professional "must win entrance . . . from an official body whose personal interests lie in his exclusion." To Hamilton's list, incidentally, we can add lawyers and doctors, accountants, assayers, veterinarians, threshing-machine operators, tree surgeons and potato growers. Occupational licensing requirements exist for each of these in one or more states. Granting that there is a legitimate scope for professional licensing, the double effect, in many instances, is monopoly pricing for the services rendered and severe restriction upon the traditional freedom of occupation. Such licensing is in effect private government with public sanction, but without public control. The power of these guilds—even apart from their investiture with public sanctions—is nowhere more obvious than in the so far successful claim of the medical profession to determine for the public the pattern of medical-care distribution. Only by the mastery of self-delusion have we avoided recognizing the political functions of such an economic-professional group.

Two other areas of power which are unaccountable because the public does not usually recognize the power factors involved in them, are our outmoded patent-licensing system, in which a public policy of aid to the inventor now rebounds to the primary advantage of the commercial user of the patent, and the use of the Defense Department's procurement program to concentrate wealth and power. The procurement program is "subject to no adequate review to insure that it reflects other than purely military values" (Hamilton). Probably few citizens realize that the Pentagon-induced concentration could not now be undone "by the vigilant campaigns of a half-dozen Anti-Trust Divisions," but even if more people were aware of this, what controls could they exercise?

TURNING TO John Maurice Clark, we find a specific focusing on the threat posed to democratic institutions by organized group power. "As government becomes more frankly a vehicle through which groups may promote their particular economic interests," he writes, "the strains on political and administrative machinery are enormously increased and the democratic character of govern-

**The Politics of Industry* (Knopf, 1957, $3.50) and *Economic Institutions and Human Welfare* (Knopf, 1957, $5.50).

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ment seriously compromised." Because of the vast number of technical tasks imposed on government by the necessity to regulate these groups, "popular control becomes more remote and more difficult." He continues, "Here lies one of the most powerful ways in which the character of the economic base affects the structure and functioning of government."

The question which emerges immediately is whether we can avoid rule by experts or by interested groups. And can we devise a system of administrative control which will reduce to a manageable number the proliferation of administrative agencies over which the President—or the Congress—can effectively insist upon the application of a *public*- rather than a *private*-interest criterion?

ANOTHER ASPECT of the problem which Clark discusses is the extent to which group power grows as the area of effective competitive checks shrinks. Self-interest never was a totally adequate system of economic government; today, the application of explicit social responsibility to self-interested actions by large aggregations of wealth and power has "become an absolute necessity." Clark hopes for the development of techniques and ethics of voluntary cooperation and group self-restraint to replace the haphazard patterning of an automatic system which is no longer automatic. "If sound terms of settlement are to be reached," he asserts, "people must consciously tend to reach them." Agreeing with this, I would raise the question whether voluntary cooperation is an adequate means, or whether public planning is not required wherever conscious intent has great impact on the nation. As an economist for the Chamber of Commerce told the Joint Committee on the President's Economic Report, effective voluntary restraint is not to be had in our system.

In the absence of public policy calling for democratically-determined goals, isn't the alternative likely to be a series of private plans which may conflict with each other, tend to emphasize selfish rather than public interests, and accentuate the instabilities of a capitalist economy?

Looking at our political structure, characterized by inaction and weakness in the face of group pressures, we must face the uncomfortable probability that the system is simply not up to the requirements of democratic planning. Fragmented authority doesn't permit sufficient unity of government to ensure that a public policy will be adhered to by all the far-flung agencies of the modern Executive. But suppose we obtained the vigorous and energetic Executive needed for effective planning by scuttling the paraphernalia of separation of powers, federalism and the motley assortment of checks and balances inherited from 1787? The dilemma would merely shift to its other horn: unless the instruments of popular control, or majority representation, were strengthened correspondingly (as they have not been under our piecemeal addition of interventionist functions to the national government), we would simply have compounded our troubles. For then the organized power groups, which now dominate our jerry-built system of administrative agencies and much of the legislative process, would have their power enhanced by the degree to which government had become effective. This is surely a crucial issue in the development of a political system for the age of bigness.

Another major issue arises from the relation of large groups to the individuals whom they represent in politico-economic bargaining and over whose lives they wield an increasing measure of private government. We have again a dilemma: or-

ganized groups are a support of democracy to the extent they serve as buffers between the individual and the state; they are a hindrance in so far as they constitute private and unaccountable sources of power over the individual. Since two of the major groups, unions and corporations, are authoritarian structures in practice even when not in form, the danger is great. In the process of collective bargaining, for example, the union leaders and corporate executives jointly establish a pattern of life for the workers, a pattern largely imposed and beyond the effective control of those affected. As for external controls, the labor legislation enacted since 1932 is designed to provide equality of bargaining power between labor and management and to establish a code of fair procedures in bargaining. But it says little about the substance of the bargains reached beyond establishing minimum wages, maximum hours and conditions of safety—often ignored with impunity. This system largely lacks safeguards against the possibility that the leaders of both sides will bargain in their own interests at the expense of the rank and file. Would it not be in the public interest to revise the internal structure of power groups to give the rank and file an effective voice, or to impose certain minimum substantive standards on the kinds of bargain that may be struck?

Other examples of decisions affecting the individual in a group, but not made with his participation or effectively subject to his desires, might include the American Medical Association's assessment upon its members for an anti-public-health insurance campaign (an assessment voluntary in form but apparently compulsory in fact); Dave Beck's use of his men and their money for private purposes often at odds with the interests of his membership; the whole range of conformities expected of the executive aspirant in the large corporation, so fully documented in the writings of William H. Whyte; the testing of employee loyalty by private employers on government defense contracts (a political function imposed upon the employers by the government, it

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should be noted); and the control over the ends of public-school teaching (e.g., the "life-adjustment" curriculum) imposed by an often arrogant educationalist hierarchy upon parents, pupils and teachers. Neither the affected membership nor the public at large has an adequate voice in these group decisions, and the question must be raised whether there is not a need for some extension by analogy of the "due process" doctrine to the sphere of private-group government if democratic freedoms are to survive.

In the face of group power and the primacy of group organization in the political process, both public and private, the traditional liberal theory of the individual and the state is transparently inadequate. Whether we can remold our political theory and devise political institutions capable of making politics matter in an age of bigness is not certain. But it is clear, I believe, that for industrial society to become a base of support for democratic values, rather than a source of danger, we cannot be satisfied with preservation of the existing system. We must *create* a new democracy for the age of mass organization.

AMERICAN MYTH

"YOU CAN'T STOP PROGRESS".. *by Mary Freeman*

Sarasota, Florida

"YOU CAN'T stop progress," is heard everywhere in Sarasota County, for this West Florida resort area of 59,170 population is enjoying — and suffering — its first boom since the mad twenties. Whether uttered with a smile or a sigh, the cliché implies that the speaker would no more try to interfere with Progress than he would step in front of one of its ubiquitous bulldozers.

As Sarasotans, we are performing in the great American miracle play called "Bigger Is Better," with only a few local touches added. We are doing the same things other fast-growing communities in the United States have done—the good and the bad so interlaced that we rarely consider the possibility of separating them. And, like other communities, we depend on our own very special rapport with the bitch goddess Success to deliver us from evil.

This city has been getting generous publicity, thanks to a hypertonic Chamber of Commerce and to numerous writers who live here or float in and out. The ballyhoo has spotlighted fragments of truth. We have been favored by nature, money and art. Money first descended, on what was then a fishing village, with the Potter Palmers in 1910. Then Ringling money brought in art to realize the baroque dreams of a circus impressario. Thanks largely to the latter's establishment of the Ringling Museum, we have a core around which to build creatively, and already we have more than our share of art schools, theatres, artists, writers and architects of national importance—enough to stimulate a rich cultural efflorescence.

However, it is not heartening to reflect that here, as elsewhere, the creative person rarely concerns himself with mundane things. Not so the predator, who has one interest, plenty of time and a strong inclination to bend the community in directions he chooses. Like the worm in the apple, he burrows straight to the core. If, as Kurt Lewin, Arthur Koestler, Erich Fromm and others have concluded, the split between creative wisdom and effective action has caused many a national and international tragedy, there is good reason to fear it can cause community disaster as well. Moreover, as the same writers have shown, the three calamities are not as unrelated as is generally supposed.

So far, we Sarasotans feel pretty smug about not repeating all the blunders of the twenties. We like to point to our "solid citizens": those who are retiring here from many income levels, and the young people (including many ex-G.I.s who had a taste of Florida in camp during the war). Ours is sound growth, we say. Look at the doubling of the year-round population in seven years.

Moreover, we give our newcomers real value. The big brash swindles of the twenties are out. When a person buys real estate, he gets more than a piece of paper to see and touch. If he buys underwater land, he is told it is underwater land. After all, there are easy-riding highways into Florida now, not the corrugated lanes crossed by razorback hogs and skinny cattle that impeded travel in the twenties. Some developers have revived mail-order methods, but they can't be sure their customers won't turn up to see and sniff their purchases.

NOT THAT buyers haven't run into some unforeseen problems. Take the drainage inadequacy in one of our largest, most publicized and fastest growing subdivisions. Many of its lots failed to pass the Health Department's percolation test, and building was held up. Contractors and owners made such a clamor that it seemed likely the county commission would waive its own regulations. Just in time, its initial judgment was bolstered by a series of unseasonable rains. Many septic tanks, installed before the regulations were adopted, failed to work, and the commission was petitioned from this new direction. Investigation showed that the subdivision had been surveyed, not engineered. County and residents

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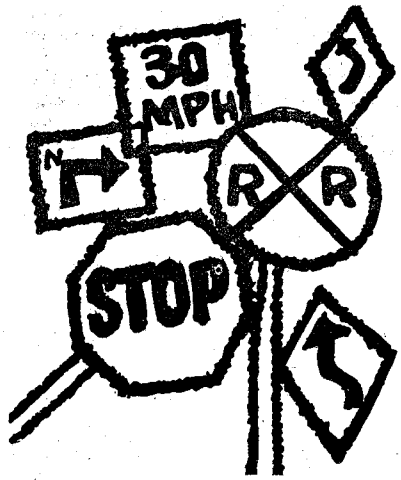
were stuck with it. The developer felt no obligation. Nobody felt very angry with him; he had just been trying to get his, like everybody else.

But most new residents aren't on hand to watch the development of their property from its pristine state. They depend on these speculative developers who toil little and reap a lot—who invest in real estate just as they would invest in a glue factory in St. Louis. Nevertheless, the purchaser is not so gullible as he was in the twenties and the speculator not so bold. Ultimately, their interests are quite divergent, but, for the moment, like the ant and the aphid, they are symbiotic.

The real threat of this boom isn't to occasional individuals or to investments, but to the community as a whole. Growth itself introduces the possibility that the tranquil beauty that brought us here may, like the snowflake, evaporate in the hot breath of admiring crowds. Many a Maine fishing village has disappeared in the rush of tourists, once it got around that there was one as yet "unspoiled" vacation spot. Sarasota has experienced a similar rush for a similar reason. Perhaps all such spots will eventually disappear, given the rate we are breeding, but even so there is no need for our promoters to beat out the death-march at double time.

THE frenzied beat not only speeds our demise as an "unspoiled" spot, but also enlarges the problems that normally arrive with growth. A few of the latter that thrust up dramatically are being dealt with, although belatedly and inadequately. Before Sarasota's new hospital was finished, it was necessary to vote funds for one more floor; before it was in operation a year, we were forced to vote a bond issue for another wing. A hospital board member commented wryly: "We're going to have two or three more bond issues before we get hospitalization in this county under control." But adding several wings won't solve, and may aggravate, another problem less visible but just as urgent. Where are the nurses?

A cluster of problems arises from the influx of young people. School difficulties, of course, are multiplied.



And the need for jobs. Old people sit patiently in the sun, but the young must work. Again we grasp at an over-simple answer: industry. New industries, we say, will provide jobs, level off seasonal variations in employment and generally stabilize our economy. So we reason, despite the fact that Florida's industrial areas have been less stable in recent years than resort areas, and despite scant likelihood that industry will schedule its production to take up our seasonal slack. Nor do we notice that many industries bring old employees from the North and advertise in Northern papers for new ones. The Salvation Army is gnashing its teeth because its soup kitchen gets the culls from these ads. And if the number of jobs and workers come out even—and somebody will complain if they don't—we may have more of everything, but our economy will be no more stable than before. More important, we will have added problems peculiar to industry to problems peculiar to resorts and introduced a strain of growth inimical to resort growth. Even now the airport where we plan a deluxe airtel is treated to a whiff of rubber from a nearby plant when the wind is in the East. Governor Collins is trying to reconcile this conflict by pushing for small selected industries with fewer problems in their train, but promoters have not arrived at this degree of discrimination. *The Florida Newsletter*, sponsored by fifty Sarasota firms, gleefully announces that many Florida cities are "fast-rising young giants of industrial wealth," dangles the enticing fact that a breakdown of our tax dollar shows business and industry to bear a low proportion of the total tax levy as compared to other states, and, in full delirium, rejoices that geologists have discovered that "the palm-fringed beaches, once good for little more than setting up beach umbrellas, are chock full of rutile and ilemenite."

This resistance to seeing contradictions in our wishes was further illustrated at a lecture on Sarasota's revaluation of property for tax purposes. We taxpayers, usually so edgy if a tax increase is mentioned, didn't turn a hair when the speaker, after congratulating us on our unprecedented growth, commented that, strange as it may seem, the per capita cost of government does not go down, but up, with an increase in population. It is a safe guess that a number of hairs will turn when the bills are presented.

OUR FEELING of immunity to the predictable complications of growth is particularly marked in regard to social services. How can they be needed in a community as prosperous and comfortable as ours? Several years ago, when the Health Department started working for a psychological-guidance center, few persons were interested; yet shortly after it was established, a waiting list proved it overdue. However, we still lack a family service and a children's shelter. The neglected child, guilty of no mischief, has no better refuge than a solitary cell in the county jail.

While growth brings many problems and a swift pace exacerbates them, it is our devout acceptance of the myths of progress that prevents their solution and brings others wholly unnecessary. Oddly enough, while we chant that we can't stop progress, we tiptoe around in fear that we might. Like primitives, we must keep up the sacred rituals lest the omnipotence we court be offended. Feeling compelled to provide a lusty welcome for anything "big" or "more," we roll in our Trojan horse with songs and frolic. The biggest man in it, just as in every boom, is the speculator. And we don't blanch as he climbs out. Instead, we trot over and spread the red carpet.

Sarasotans know that the speculator had a star part in the great

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boom and bust, but this time, we tell ourselves, there won't be a bust. We are going up and up and up. And because Florida climate is a relatively rare commodity, increasingly in demand, we have some reason to hope that we won't fall, or, if we do, not so hard as before. Some old-timers who saw us prone even into the thirties are a little uneasy, but they generally conclude there is no way to keep speculative money out of a rising market. One might as well catch a ride. Indeed, this speculative spirit has infected not only local big money, but also the little business men, many of whom are more interested in their sideline, the real estate "spec," than in plying their accustomed trades. Like little business men everywhere, ours have big ideas, and give their support to those whose peers they hope to be.

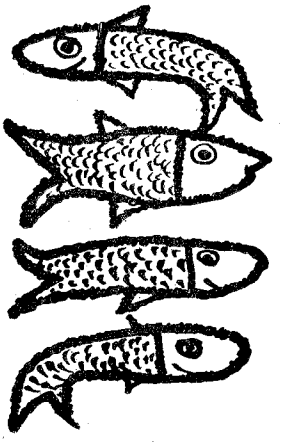
BECAUSE THE speculator in this boom so often finds it expedient to be a developer, we have forgotten that he is not here to create the good life but to create profit—profit he frequently takes out of the community. We are sufficiently a frontier to like to watch him level nature and fill up space with artifacts, but, after nature has been whipped and a community settled, he's about as useful as a dinosaur in the garden. Unfortunately, it's only when he has begun to smash things that we suddenly realize his constitutional destructiveness. Sarasota is still admiring, although already the brute has left permanent scars. At first we don't mind them too much. They're so familiar; and here, as yet, so comparatively small. We immigrants remember bigger scars on the old home towns.

Oddly enough, speculators behave in much the same way whether their object is the quick buck or a temporary loss for income-tax purposes. Perhaps the latter are less likely to concern themselves with efficient operation, a little more inclined breezily to distribute bonuses and Cadillacs to their employees. But their advertising is as big and blatant; their howls at a January lag, as loud. Perhaps this is a front; perhaps it is their employees' ignorance of the real intent; perhaps it is sheer habit on the part of unimaginative people. Or, perish the thought, perhaps these wizards have discovered that a commercial racket is, after all, the best way to lose money.

Speculators of both kinds are busy everywhere in Sarasota, except in a few residential areas where our distinguished architects are busy creating retreats for our distinguished citizens. In league with short-sighted little business, the predator has lined the highway, North and South, with garish signs and ill-assorted marginal enterprises, routed the Tamiami Trail through the heart of town to snarl up traffic and fill our daily lives with unnecessary irritation, and now pipes ensemble with schemers at the state level for four-lane highways along our bays and beaches to destroy peaceful vacation spots. Already, our midtown bay front is being surveyed for a four-lane drive. A few bitter residents have gotten out an injunction. The delay, newspapers happily assure us, will be temporary.

The speculator is especially busy in the suburbs. In a typical operation he picks up a tract of land seven to ten miles from town—often ranch land that has become too valuable for cattle. If he isn't offered a 100 to 200 per cent profit within his period of calculation, he breaks it into lots, puts in roads, dresses up the entrance and advertises. If the lots don't move, he calls in a builder, puts up a few "model homes" and taps the market again. This last procedure has been working like a charm in Sarasota, with its influx of new residents.

The result is a circling band of beehive housing: "model homes" lying cheek by jowl, identical except for minor decorative variation, each with its standard collar of foundation planting. Despite the fact that good materials are often cruelly used, these houses are generally good buys in terms of creature comforts. Some are rich in supposed luxuries: built-in ovens, pink refrigerators, air conditioners, and "intercom" systems. Many are boosted as "open houses for Southern living," utilizing to the full picture windows and sliding glass panels. If a purchaser happens to be so unconvivial as to object to hearing and viewing the intimacies of his neighbor's life, he can shut the house, draw the drapes and turn on the air-conditioner. The miracle is that a few subdivisions do avoid candy-box décor, use lots of habitable size and mitigate the factory-made look by leaving clumps of native trees.



BUT IT is on the beaches that the speculator is likely to take over completely. On Lido, where gulf front has reached $1,000 a front-foot, he is already chief architect. Here he has been the most potent catalyst in processes leading from community good fortune to community problems, practical and aesthetic. The natural beauty of the beach made it popular; popularity brought a rapid rise in land values; the rise in values brought the speculator; the speculator artificially accelerated the rise in value; excessively expensive land led to crowding; and crowding led to a rash of community problems. Crowding on Lido has occurred in the midst of space; half the island is empty.

Already we have a major sewage problem on Lido. Having outgrown septic tanks, the largest motel operates on a sand filter and pipes the bacterially (but not chemically) pure waste under the road, through another fellow's property, into the bay. This is dandy so long as the city, the neighbor and the bay residents don't object. But the motel itself is unhappy. It is saddled with an inefficient operation and now insists that the city hustle and provide a sewage-disposal plant on the key or pipe its waste to the mainland. Furthermore, while crying for relief, it has asked—and received—permission to exceed restrictions on building height for a

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new addition. It is thus increasing the difficulty it complains of and bolstering its request for a solution at community expense.

And we have an "erosion problem." After leveling all protective flora and looting the shore for fill, investors have crowded buildings close to the water. They forget that sea margins are unstable until reminded by a rough sea that licks across the sand and laps the walls. Then there is a hullabaloo. Engineers are called in; various groins and sea walls are discussed. Over the years, occasional cottages have washed away or been moved back without much ado; big investors show less sportsmanship. When the gulf subsides, the hubbub dies down. New investors push up more sand and build even closer. Comes the next blow, they will head the delegation asking for help. Lido investments soon will be impressive enough to command our aid, and one can guess that of all control methods, the big dollar will plump for groins—which will break up the public beach into little cribs and give exclusive possession without riparian rights.

BY SUCH blitz methods the speculator channels community funds away from hospitals, away from schools, away from our more pressing needs into the hoppers of the profit machines. It hasn't entered our heads that deprivation of fundamental services can result from abetting his efforts to produce a big town on a small-town budget.

Furthermore, by this crowding and contempt for the environment where his dollars have found a temporary nest, the speculator threatens to endow our most publicized beach with a typical speculators' landscape. Resorts are as subject to their own species of blight as any industrial community, and, because they function as havens from stress in a tense world, they have as serious a responsibility to mankind. Nevertheless, vacationers at Lido now see little of the key's original beauty, and scant evidence of the fine hand of local architects of whom we boast. Instead, they view several blocks of tightly wedged buildings sitting in the midst of bulldozed wastes, piled with mangled remains of native palms and sea grapes. Many buildings are strip motels running from gulf to road. Built to snuggle back to back with a neighbor, when they lack this partner they expose a barracks unbroken except for knotty power installations, air-conditioners, clustered garbage cans and clothes lines. Not that they don't have attractive aspects somewhere within; their full contempt is turned on their neighbors and the street. With few exceptions, there is no landscaping on the broad city parkway to soften this harsh view. The areas in front of motels are bleak with asphalt and parked cars, backed by large neon signs; in front of vacant lots, weeds catch a jetsam of paper cups, beer cans and cigarette packages. A distinguished authority on art, who was much taken with the possibilities of Sarasota, exclaimed on viewing the naked rear of a much publicized motel: "Are people blind?"

NO, but the speculator generally is, especially if he operates through a corporation, limited partnership or syndicate—devices lifting the last vestige of community responsibility from investors. The human beings who manage these profit machines are generally a transient group not given to deep attachments to the places they manage. Some investors never see their investment; others who do are remarkably adroit at dissociating themselves. One charming gentleman who values his spacious hedged-in home in another section of town, when asked why he espoused crowding and rank commercial glitter on Lido, exclaimed, "Why, that's business property!" His cynicism seems to have escaped him; certainly the flaw in his business judgment did. Despite our reputation for having attracted a particularly perceptive clientele, he assumed his customers to be of a lesser breed than he. He and his confrères are pitching for people who are drawn by neon, enjoy chaffing elbows and don't mind a tenement view—so long as it's expensive; in short, they are pitching for the conspicuous consumer who won't quite be able to afford the really plush East Coast tenements of Miami and Palm Beach.

If these investors are encouraged, Sarasota can expect more pasty, paunched men with big cigars to take their constitutionals in the sun while waiting for the bars to open; more mink and sables to set off sun-baked-flesh. Perhaps, if we are patient, mink and sable will find their way to the water's edge over cocoa-buttered backs. These people, with tough hides and few inner resources, will dig in, and it will be up to us to fill their voids with pre-fab recreations. No doubt the underground rumble for gambling casinos will surface as a roar. Trailing these megabuck moguls will be their yes-men, cut to the same pattern but in smaller size, and the big and little rogues who batten on tempting displays. Already Sarasotans find it necessary to lock doors—an unheard of precaution until recently—and the increase in theft has raised a clamor for a larger police force.

IT'S rather chic in Sarasota to look down one's nose at our neighbor's "honky-tonk," but by barking our wares in the boom tradition and allowing speculative dollars to determine the pace and pattern of our growth, we move innocently but inevitably towards the ends we scorn. Occasionally someone with his nose to the wind sniffs an atmosphere that disquiets him. Some have been heard to wail, "The Northern Jews are taking over Lido Beach." This, despite the fact that the predominately Jewish-owned establishments are the least offensive. This recourse to a scapegoat saves prejudiced people thought. Community organizations are springing up and nibbling at neighborhood problems, but they dip gingerly into the potpourri called Progress—except to ask for their share of the tax dollar.

Nor can officials be relied upon to make systemic diagnoses from our cellular disorder. Only very few realize that problems finding their way to the dockets of the city and county commissions indicate trends and that the decisions concerning them build our future. All too often cases are handled according to immediate stresses and strains. This produces a surface inconsistency that optimists might call "flexibility,"

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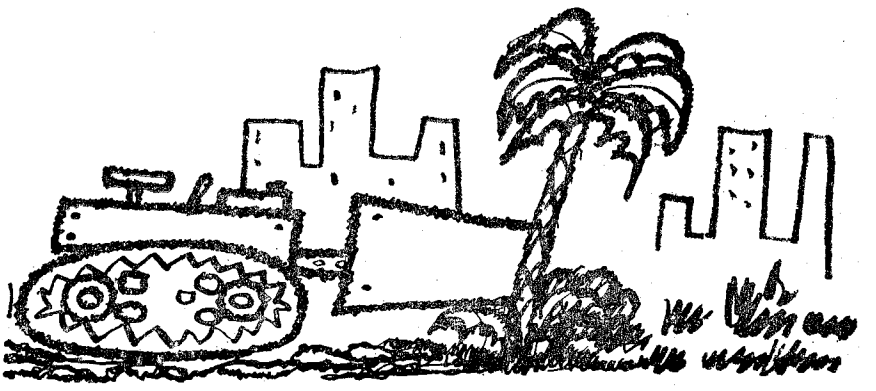
but underneath the big dollar exerts unremitting pressure: restrictions loosen at its pleasure. This is known as Progress. Paradoxically, holding the line or imposing new restrictions on individuals is also known as Progress. The motel, despite sewage difficulties, easily got its indulgence, but at least one resident fought all last summer for an exception to a brand new regulation on building coverage to add a room to his house. Indeed, contrary to city-planning trends, we have in some instances decreased the required distance between multiple dwellings. This is necessary, we say, where land values are high, and we forget the thousands spent by these establishments on advertising, warmed swimming pools, tickets to the ball game and snake farm that could as well be spent on adequate space and gardens.

OFFICIAL inability to recognize a community problem, and surface inconsistency overlying hypersensitivity to the big dollar, were both neatly and naively revealed in a recent case obtusely called "a neighborhood squabble." It was a simple matter of trees on Lido's main drive. The adjacent property owner, having cared for the trees over the years, wanted them to remain; an absentee holding company, having just purchased a neighboring motel, wanted them to go. At first the city held firm. The park commissioner thought the trees attractive; the traffic department thought them no hazard; and, after all, it was city policy to encourage property owners to landscape adjacent road shoulders. Certainly the motel had quickly availed itself of the opportunity by blacktopping the section for which it was responsible. But the holding company, unused to being balked, threatened to sue the city for loss of business on the ground that the trees partially hid the motel. This bizarre threat was ignored until two new commissioners took office. One was a grocer, used to packaged flora; the other owned a furniture store on Main Street, where merchants and the garden clubs were going after it hammer and tongs over the fate of live oaks lining the street. The garden clubs were losing tree by tree, but not fast enough to suit the merchants. The mayor suggested that the park commissioner's opinion be heeded; one commissioner and the city manager argued that the case be considered in the context of general policy. But these wise words had little force when opposed by the furniture dealer's classic statement: "There are big investments South of those trees, big investments." A devout silence followed. Then the slickest politician in the group came up with a "compromise solution." He moved that the holding company get part of what it demanded and the old settler lose part of what he wanted, had invested in and, according to city policy, had a right to keep. Semantically innocent, and still unaware that they were handling a community problem, aesthetic and moral, the furniture dealer, the grocer and the conciliatory milk distributor—three little business men—got together to doff their hats to "big investments." The "compromise" was voted and another section of Sarasota's vaunted showplace was denuded.

IF BIG investments had wanted trees, it is not too cynical to believe that the decision might have been reversed. Oddly enough, only a few days later, at the suggestion of the Florida Nurserymen's Association, the Exchange Club and the Chamber of Commerce, it was decided to landscape the North Trail with trees and shrubs and to encourage property owners to landscape the adjoining shoulders.

However, some of our business men have real tree phobia and, in their efforts to be "progressively" big town, prove their provincialism. It is doubtful that these men could conceive of operating a successful business behind the chestnuts on the Champs Elysée or even behind the new plane trees on Manhattan's renovated Third Avenue. They don't realize that most of the businesses of the world are carried on with less visibility than the oaks allowed our merchants, or the palms, the motel. Like many American small-towners, they feel utterly dependent on maximum visibility; they have no faith in themselves as purveyors of desirable merchandise sought by eager customers. Their evolution as business men has gone no further than a belief in sign potency. Some years hence, learning that sophisticated customers prefer plants to neon, the merchants and the motels are destined to ask the city to replace the trees, at considerable community expense. But currently the busy-beaver representing the holding company is circulating a petition to four-lane the beach drive and eliminate for good the intrusion of grass and trees between business and customers. A number of motel owners share his belief in the transcendent value of asphalt. Or, could their aesthetic judgment be tempered by cunning? Just possibly these expanses of asphalt could be used for parking and allow for the building of a few more rental cells. Already a number of motels ignore the city's stipulation that parking space for customers be provided on their own premises, and the motel with the sewage problem has spread shell on the road shoulder across the street. Could it be to catch the overflow anticipated from its new addition?

County and city are making sporadic efforts to get things into their



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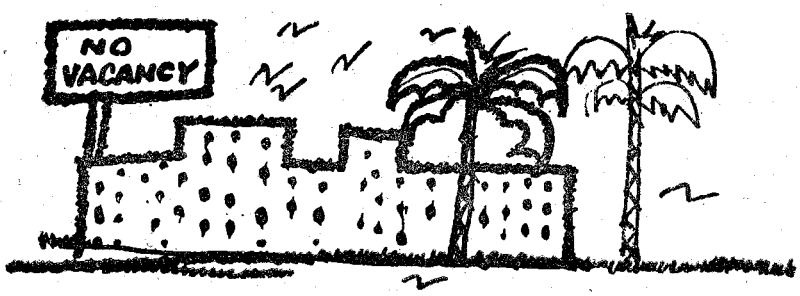
own hands, but most action is rear-guard. They are especially lively on the drainage problem (thanks to the airing it got), and are concerned over the depletion of our water supply, *ad lib* filling of waterfront, even the ugly rash of signs. However, if sign ordinances are any indication, regulations will but slightly inhibit the big dollar. Eighteen pages of regulations move signs back off rights-of-way, but permit them to stand every hundred feet on private property in all but residential areas; prohibit wooden signs in business districts, but let neons up to eighteen square feet drum up trade, like pullers-in of our grandfather's day, in resort areas where, presumably, vacationers sleep the vacation sleep. Asked why regulations aren't more stringent, their administrator had a ready counter-question. "Did you know the sign companies are already after us?"

THIS greater sensitivity to money than to man doesn't mean that Sarasotans are corrupt; it's merely that it is a time-honored tradition, here as elsewhere, that the largest taxpayer gets the most. We are merely communicants in our national religion—mystical devotees of Progress which we confuse with the free flow of investment capital. And it's hardly orthodox to distinguish between investments that are creative and investments that are parasitic or even destructive.

But even if we were not followers of this pandemic creed, concrete circumstances would favor a closer relationship between government and money than between government and citizens. Willy-nilly, governments find themselves working partners with capital on many projects. Moreover, the fact that government income lags behind community needs—lags more in a fast-growing community—leads to expedients favoring investor over citizen. Many a debit has been converted to a credit by transferring public lands to private hands and the tax rolls. In Sarasota, dedicated streets, giving free access to beaches, have been known to disappear. And in a boom a government is wide open to handsome offers by developers who want to speed things up.



Clearing for the beach drive on Lido was farmed out in this way. Possibly that is why the park department had so little to say about the excess leveling of palm groves and clean-up of debris. Who looks a gift horse in the mouth?

While such deals are regarded as legitimate, yet the weight of obligation lies on the government that accepts them; and rare is the official who hasn't delivered thanks by loosening a restriction, changing a zoning ordinance, etc. To the Sarasota commission's credit, this danger was recognized in the tree case. The holding company's check to defray cost of clearing was refused—after several weeks of thumbing. "I don't think we should be obligated," said the honest mayor.

Even over-all planning tends to be emasculated by the speculative dollar. We tend to think we've done our job when we've ruled out cheap little shacks, and to forget that real vulgarity is expensive. However, there have been a few heartening efforts to hold zoning restrictions against business pressure and city and county planning boards are trying to function as more than official stamps on accomplished fact. But they're having a rough time. Despite his best efforts, the county planning consultant—a man with training, experience and positive ideas—remains more decorative than operative. Indeed, he may not remain even as a grace note, for the South Trail Taxpayers' Association is after him. Now, with support from two state legislators, the association extended its condemnation of the consultant to condemnation of the whole planning board that backed him up. The ruction began with the planner's recommendation that properties on the South Trail not be zoned for business. A howl went up. People who had planned to use or sell their property as business lots intended to use or sell them as business lots. It was fruitless to point out that "traffic-linked businesses" are generally marginal and that encouraging them is the surest way to depreciate the property in the long run. Nor was anybody impressed with the argument that business on a major highway tends to snarl up traffic and cause accidents. Instead, the consultant was impolitely booed and invited to go back where he came from.

Officials faced by such assemblages tend to doubt their own judgment. What, after all, is a planner to a business man in the hierarchy of American values? The former is a "theorist," an "idealist," a "college man"—never held in high esteem on frontiers. The business man, we tell ourselves, is a "hard-headed realist." The fact that he rides high in prosperity and jumps from Wall Street windows in depression doesn't shake our faith in his leadership. Nor has Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* convinced us that he is the great American mystic. No need to look to the East to see mysticism, or to the Soviet Union to see economic determinism. We have rolled them into one by our irrational subjection to a money mythology, revealed in the basic article of our faith: "You can't stop Progress."

We Sarasotans are proving once more how little rational control people assume over their own fate, even on a local level where, presumably, they can be most effective. Once more we allow Progress to shape another little corner of our country, another little corner of the world, another little corner of life, to the rhythms of the same old tom-tom, and we are quite unaware that this irrational fatalism mocks our claim that we are a self-determining people.

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The Misreported Revolution

Mark Gayn

AS IN the greater revolutions in Russia and China, in Hungary too the revolutionary spark was kept alive by men of ideas and letters. I lived in Hungary in what might be described as the years of Stalinist madness, and I clearly recall how Joseph Revai—a taskmaster to remember—laid down the law for the writers, poets and playwrights, or how Geza Losonczi, now, by the irony of fate, imprisoned as a rebel leader, made the Opera House tremble with his furious attacks on the non-Russian repertory or Bartok's ballets. I met some of the writers and journalists and thought I saw in them nothing but frightened compliance. Indeed, they had good reason for fear, for such men as Paul Ignotus, diplomat and essayist, and George Paloczi-Horvath, the distinguished editor, had been charged with absurdly monstrous crimes and put away in prison. The Communists had forgotten their history, for both in Tzarist Russia and in Kuomintang China the whip proved useless against the rebellious intellectual. Nor did the Communists realize that a writer had to be a man of ideas. If he ever rebelled against the party's efforts to tell him how to write and think, he would also probably rebel against the entire system of compulsion and terror.

Stalin died in March, 1953, and with him departed some of the dread that hung over Eastern Europe. Almost at once, free discussion was revived within the Hungarian Writers' Federation, and inevitably the debate shifted from style and subject to the way men lived and suffered. Before the year was over, the federation's meetings were finding angry echoes in the party press. By March, 1955, things got out of hand so badly that the Central Committee passed a resolution denouncing "certain writers, including Communists, who have forgotten that . . . they can create works of lasting value only by supporting the aims of our Party."

The trouble was that these "petty bourgeois slanderers" were the Party's own favored children. Among them were Tibor Dery, perhaps Hungary's ablest Communist novelist (see *The Nation* of February 5 and June 1); Zoltan Zelk, the poet; Tamas Aczel, the young writer who won the Stalin Prize in 1952; Gyula Hay, winner of the princely Kossuth Prize for playwriting; Tibor Meray, the young and fanatical Communist journalist who contributed more than his share to the making of the "germ warfare" myth; Endre Enczi, editor of the *Literary News;* Sandor Erdei, secretary-general of the Writers' Federation, and scores of others. Also with them, if not always among them, was George Lukacs, probably the most distinguished intellectual on the Communist rim of Europe. It was difficult to call these men disloyal. They were not subversives; they were rather the chosen people of communism, and its busiest propagandists. Thus, the party contented itself with a mild purge of the federation and a stern warning.

BY THE Spring of 1956, the unrepentant intellectuals were in open revolt. The meetings of the Petofi Club, a sort of illegitimate child of the Writers' Federation, became events of historic importance. By summertime, they drew overflow crowds of thousands, and at them, side by side with Mrs. Laszlo Rajk, demanding justice for her garroted husband, stood leading Communist writers, philosophers and journalists, denouncing the regime, the system and its Soviet inspiration. Word of these meetings was then carried to the universities, the army barracks, and throughout the land.

During the twelve-day revolution that erupted in October of last year, the Writers' Federation was its heart and brain. It sent delegations to Nagy to keep him on an even, Socialist, democratic keel. Its members made speeches, turned out a score of new and bright newspapers, created a National Revolutionary Council of Intellectuals. When new parties were created, the writers were there to breathe life into them. Lukacs became Minister of Culture. On November 1, when violence threatened to get out of hand, the Writers' Federation issued an appeal: "Do not pass judgment in the streets. . . Hand over the guilty unharmed to the National Guard or the Army. . . The world is watching. . . Do not besmirch the revolution!" Only seven hours later, Janos Kadar was also on the air with a statement he would probably like to erase from memory now:

> "Hungarian workers, peasants and intellectuals. . . . In a glorious uprising our people have shaken off the Rakosi regime. They have achieved freedom for the people and independence for the country. . . . We can safely say that those who prepared this uprising were recruited from our ranks. Communist writers, journalists, university students, the youth of the Petofi Club, thousands and thousands of workers and peasants and veteran fighters who were imprisoned on false charges fought in the front ranks against Rakosi's despotism and political hooliganism. . . ."

And at 6:56 in the terrible morning of November 4, Budapest broadcast an appeal from the Writers' Federation: "To every writer in the world, to all scientists, to . . . the intelligentsia of the world! We ask all of you for help; there is but little time! Help Hungary . . . Help, help, help!" This apparently was the last broadcast made by Radio Free Kossuth.

THE STORY of Hungary since then is the story of renewed police terror on a scale not seen even in 1949-52; of the return to power of many Stalinist stalwarts under the protected regime of Janos Kadar; of a growing political rigidity and intransigence. This is not second-hand

MARK GAYN is the author of many books and articles on Eastern Europe.

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Confusion

The voice of the church and the voice of the wind
In our village go combined.
They bell out and they bay together
So often, one without the other
Would bode extreme and freakish weather.

For what need be at odds? If we
Should charge like hunters down the street
To view-halloo the Lord, all's well;
God made the carnal urges sweet;
He will find prayers in blasphemies.

Wind, without will how like your part
Is to the unregenerate heart!
And that I can name and separate
While you involve the constant bell.
My thanks for what you demonstrate.

SHEILA CREGEEN

information. I get it from such a knowledgeable source as *Nep Szabadsag,* the official party organ in Budapest, with its grim and unending chronicle of mass arrests, mass trials, threats and denunciations. Joseph Revai is back with "theoretical" articles which argue that those who denounce the "Stalinists," "Rakosists" and "the cult of personality" are really disguised counter-revolutionaries. And, inevitably, the writers are now paying the price for their spell of independence. The Writers' Federation, which remained proudly defiant until last January, has been dissolved by police order, along with the Journalists' Union and the various student organizations. The Petofi Club has been replaced with a more pliant Tancsics Club. And, one after another, the writers are being hauled off to prison. Two young men, Gyula Obsersovsky and Joseph Gali, have been given stiff prison sentences. Gyula Hay, Tibor Tardos and Zoltan Zelk were jailed in January. Dery was arrested in April. Other writers are being denounced almost daily as enemies of the state —a good sign that they are either in prison or safe abroad. Paul Ignotus and Paloczi-Horvath are now in London; Meray is in Paris; Aczel, who fled by way of Yugoslavia and there denounced the Communist rape of free culture, is in Vienna. In the great vacuum that they left behind, the government is installing some of the old-timers whose work had been banned for ten years, but who can now give semblance of a bustling literary life. As the old Russian puts it, "When there is no fish, even a cray-fish is a fish."

THIS IS a fragment of the story of the Hungarian revolution. It is a story of great social and political forces in flux, of confusion and violence. It is also one of the least understood and worst reported stories of this generation. Communist observers, who should know a revolution when they see it, refuse to recognize this one as a revolution, for it was anti-Communist. And most of the anti-Communists are unequipped to understand the nature of a revolutionary movement. The result has been a stream of fanciful cloak-and-dagger and atrocity tales from Soviet writers on the one side, and superficial, mal-informed, police-beat reporting on the other—the kind of reporting of which American journalism is so oddly proud and for which the Pulitzer Prize committee just saw fit to award one of its prizes. Of all the reports of the ferment in East Europe that I have read, *Le Monde's* have been incomparably the best, and *Pravda's,* beyond any match, the worst. The American newspaper reporting (with the notable exception of Sydney Gruson's in *The New York Times)* has varied from fair to worthless. The best magazine accounts I have read were those of Flora Lewis (justly rewarded with a Pulitzer Prize) in the Sunday *New York Times* and of the Hungarian photographer Sandor Acs in the Canadian *Maclean's* magazine.

As for books and pamphlets, the two best are George Mikes's *The Hungarian Revolution,* (London. Deutsch. 12s. 6d.) and "The Revolt in Hungary, A Documentary Chronology Based Exclusively on Internal Broadcasts by Central and Provincial Radios," published without comment by Radio Free Europe (New York. $1.). With its hour-by-hour transcript of Hungarian broadcasts, the RFE pamphlet has the emotional impact of a Greek tragedy. For anyone trying to understand the Hungarian revolution, it is essential raw material. Mikes's book is sane, knowledgeable and well-written. A Hungarian by birth and author of such bittersweet works as *How To Be An Alien,* Mr. Mikes returned home right after the outbreak of the revolution. He observed the revolt at first hand and he now writes of it with restraint and perception. Some of his speculations, such as that on Moscow's motivations, may not convince everyone, but they are useful starting points for one's own thinking.

It is an interesting commentary on the state of the American literary palate that, at the time of this writing, Mikes' book has not yet been published in the United States. Instead, the American crop is largely represented by shrill, emotional, breast-beating, flag-waving books. Two of these, *No More Comrades,* by Andor Heller (Regnery. $3.50) and *A Student's Diary* by Laszlo Beke (Viking. $1.95), are diaries written from memory some time after their authors' flight to the West. One of the two writers, and possibly both, participated actively in the revolution, and the books could have been expected to have a great emotional punch. But somehow, perhaps because they lack a sense of immediacy, the fury of men and the smoke of guns are synthetic. Mr. Heller, incidentally, is the Man in the Hood who testified in a televised hearing before the Senate Internal Security Committee. Neither his testimony then nor the book now justifies his claim to fame as an authority on the revolution.

The only American book on Hungary to find honor and profit on the bestseller list is James A. Michener's *The Bridge at Andau* (Random

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House. $3.50). In many ways, I feel, it is a classroom example of how *not* to report a revolution. Mr. Michener has apparently never been in Hungary, and has never lived under a Communist administration. He gathered the material for this book in six weeks some time after the revolution was over, and he gathered it partly on the Austro-Hungarian border and partly "around a big table in Josef Smutny's restaurant near the opera house in Vienna." Mr. Michener is obviously aware of his own limitations, for he devotes his last chapter to explaining why "I was, perhaps, an appropriate writer to deal with this story. I am cautious in my evaluation of contemporary problems, and I have learned to be suspicious of anyone who tells me a good story about himself." One would not wish to disillusion Mr. Michener, but at least one reader must dissent.

This is a book put together by an ill-qualified compiler, who was not on the scene, and who depended on others for his facts. Mr. Michener describes the elaborate procedure he used for checking these. The procedure failed him, for the escapees he met were clearly eager to impress him—either with their heroism or with the dark side of the life they were leaving behind. The misstatements are minor, but the cumulative effect is considerable. Contrary to the tale told him by "Gyorgy Szabo . . . one of the finest human beings I have ever met," the Communist system of industrial sweatshops provides generous rewards for the pacesetter. Thus, a Stakhanovite like Szabo earned not 1,000 forints a month, but perhaps upwards of 2,500, and he was certainly assured of a vacation at a resort for the pace-setters. Hungarian women have never had to pool their resources to buy a lipstick, to be used "maybe . . . four different times a year." A domestic lipstick costs 12-15 forints, a smuggled Revlon item around 80. Unless a couple wanted to spend "a night on the town" extravagantly, it could have a fair dinner, a little wine, and good dance music for about 60-70 forints, instead of Michener's 250. The man who felt exalted on hearing Mozart's *Requiem* on his radio because "he was again able to hear the music of the West," must have been kidding Mr. Michener. Some of the finest Bach music I have ever heard was played by a Hungarian orchestra conducted by Otto Klemperer at the Zene Akademia in Budapest. This list could be continued for pages. But the point I want to make is this: the devil is black and needs no blackening; the best way to tell his story is with plain facts very plainly told. What makes Mr. Michener's account even more objectionable is that he has chosen to tell the story of the revolt in what are, in effect, fictional terms. Much of the book consists of profiles of composite persons—workers, intellectuals, a secret police agent. This device tends to reflect, not real human beings, but images already in the writer's mind. Mr. Michener's heroes and villains are two-dimensional and arty, his writing patriotic-purple, and his book dissatisfying.

Peter Fryer's *Hungarian Tragedy* (Dobson. London. $1) is a fascinating little book—as much for the author's identity as for what it tells. Long on the staff of the London *Daily Worker,* Fryer was sent to Hungary to cover the revolt, but his dispatches were not printed. He then resigned from the paper, and was later expelled from the party. I have no sympathy for Fryer, who had been a hack Communist propagandist for many years. Yet, some of the facts he reports in this book are worth noting (such as his strong denial of "White Terror"), and his angry denunciation of Soviet policy and Communist practices is a good measure of the disillusionment that the upheaval in Hungary brought to Western Communists.

As for the Russian accounts of the revolution, they all sound as if they came out of the Agitprop mill in Moscow. Typical of this stuff is V. Leonov's *The Events in Hungary* (Moscow. 1957), which insists that "there is no longer any doubt that this was a counter-revolutionary putsch, although the overwhelming majority of the popular masses who took part . . . were honest working people and genuine patriots. . . ." The "ideological leaders" of the revolt were—so help me—"Cardinal Mindszenty, Prince Lichtenstein, Count Takacs Tolvai, Count Esterhazy and others. . . ." The prime minister—the name thoughtfully omitted, but it was not Nagy—asked for Soviet armed intervention, and "the Soviet Union could not, of course, refuse a request for help made by a friendly country."

I want to conclude this report on a happier note. I understand that the second crop of books on the revolution is almost ready for harvesting. Among the authors are Paul Ignotus, Paloczi-Horvath and Aczel. Knowing something at least about the first two, I look forward with pleasant anticipation to an adult and well-informed discussion of a great event in history. Meanwhile, I shall remain content with Mikes's book and the RFE compilation of Hungarian broadcasts.

The Sieve of Opinion

POLITICS AND THE NOVEL. By Irving Howe. Horizon Press. 251 pp. $3.50.

Lewis Dabney

IN MODERN SOCIETY people are caught up in ideology and subject to its ravages. The peculiar importance of the political novel is that it confronts ideology with all that is enduringly human, dramatizing the constant tension between public and private experience, ideology and emotion. Irving Howe's book explores this tension through a study of political fiction from Dostoievski and Conrad to Malraux, Silone, Koestler and Orwell, with Hawthorne and James, Stendhal and Turgenev considered as related writers. Howe attempts, within the limits of a collection of essays, to clarify the actual role of ideas in fiction, to establish the characteristics of the political novel and trace its growth into our time.

His first and largest group of essays is a study of the nineteenth century novel, of the political attitudes of Stendhal, Dostoievski, Conrad, Turgenev and James as dramatized in this fiction. He probes the ideological background of *The Charterhouse of Parma, The Pos-*

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sessed, Nostromo, stressing Stendhal's alienation, his cult of energy and subversive use of farce, Dostoievski's revolutionary temperament in conflict with his reactionary opinions, Conrad's fascination with anarchists and radicals, with the whole political arena his conscious mind abhorred. These novelists discovered the claims of ideology and exposed them to the pressure of private emotion, as Turgenev and James used the political personality to explore psychological problems. Their novels refute the dogma that abstract ideas are bad for a work of art because they knew, as Howe expresses it, how to confront "the monolith of program with the richness and diversity of motive, the purity of ideal with the contamination of action." Writing at a distance from their subject but within a vital cultural tradition, they could sense the revolutionary pressures building up under society and absorb them into their novels.

If one takes as a norm these nineteenth century European political novels, one concludes from Howe's essays that American novelists have never fully coped with ideology, and that modern European political novels are weak in the exploration of individual motivation, in æsthetic distance and perspective. American political life, conditioned by our isolation and abundance, has never deeply moved the novelist; it does not reflect dramatic social conflict, "the kind of irrevocable struggle . . . we associate with the life of ideology in Europe."

In America, with the exception of novels like *Democracy, The Blithedale Romance* and *The Bostonians,* novels which grapple with ideology through cultural and sexual issues and to which Howe devotes a fine chapter, the political novel has given place to what he calls novels of corruption in government, to books like *All The King's Men,* for example, studies of morality in a political frame.

AT THE other extreme are the political novels of modern Europe, steeped in ideology but weak in analysis of character and without much perspective on the political pressures within which they were written. *Man's Fate, Bread and Wine, Darkness at Noon* and *1984* are studies of the rise of totalitarianism, the perversion of revolutionary ideas, the loss of faith of the radical intellectual. Each of these novels is both an act of protest and a search for a saving perspective, which Malraux finds in man's capacity for sacrifice and martyrdom, Silone in the enduring pastorial simplicities, Koestler in the personal will; which Orwell does not find at all in the dark world of the future.

These writers are far from blind to the dangers of ideology; they see it, Howe points out, as a burden as well as a challenge, and attempt to transcend it in their fiction. Nor are they any more involved in ideas than was Dostoievski, for example. Yet their novels lack the stature of *The Possessed* and *Nostromo,* they fade into the events they dramatize and are always evaluated in the context of their points of view. The nineteenth century novelists who dealt with politics were greater writers not, one concludes, simply because they were conservatives, but because they were novelists first; because ideology could demand their attention without limiting their scope as artists; because the claims of politics had not yet become total.

Ideology, then, can be a strong organizing principle or a sterile trap, depending as Howe puts it on "how much truth the writer can force through the sieve of his opinions." If one applies this yardstick to critics as well, Howe himself must rank high. His radical opinions are evident in his essays, behind his approach to the earlier Europeans and behind his critique of American political novels, but they sharpen rather than corrupt his judgment, and they seldom get in his way. Even when he becomes engaged in the ideas presented in the more recent novels, argues with Malraux, admires Silone, objects to Koestler and identifies with Orwell, he is not blind to the aesthetic intentions and problems of their fiction.

The only limitation of Howe's book lies in what it does not try to do, in accord with the fact that it is only a contruct of single essays. Howe does not set the differences between the groups of novels off against the inner unity of the form; he does not discuss the exhaustion of the political novel in the fifties, or the lines of possible renewal. Transitions are sketchy, the emphasis of the essays themselves changes. But *Politics and the Novel* is an important book. The central tension of the political novel is the basis of Howe's critical method as well, his commitment both to politics and to the perspective of fiction. Ideology, he admits, does not easily dovetail with the concrete focus of the novel, but when it does the two illuminate each other, and the result is a challenge to more specialized minds. Howe's book, about warring impulses by a man who has brought them into fruitful relation, shares and maintains that challenge.

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Igor Stravinsky

Lincoln Kirstein

IGOR STRAVINSKY will be seventy-five years old on June 17. The following article has been written to celebrate that occasion.

THE core of genius is not easy to fix, even with the advantages of historical perspective. When a man is still creating compositions of unrelieved novelty, even after fifty years, it becomes more difficult. Hardest of all is to try to specify the quality of gifts like Stravinsky's, which, while they have developed with relentless logic over the half-century, seem more akin to quicksilver than to the oaken trunks with which it is more comfortable to associate absolute prestige. Stravinsky has always resisted canonization. He will not license his "wisdom" to be documented on an "educational" TV short with mood-music from his more familiar recordings. He may be "great," but the aura of bard, mage, oracle is not of his choosing.

His mind is too active, restless, sharp to make comfort for a solid cult. An acetylene torch is bright and cuts steel but it does not glow like a domestic hearth. Stravinsky has never been cap-

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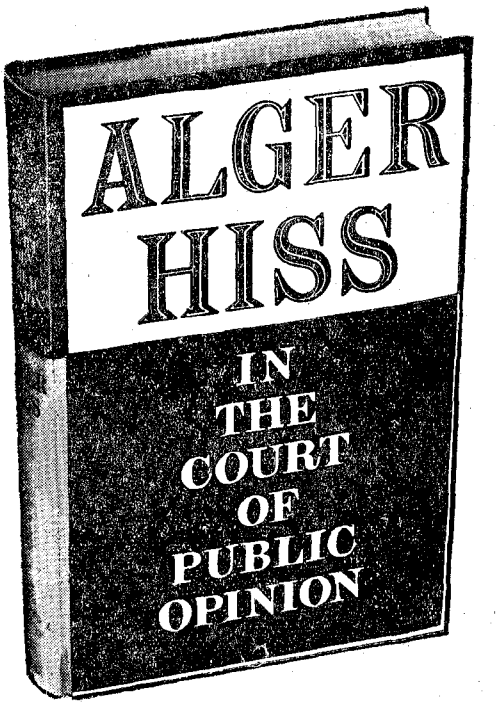
tured by his myth or his critics. In his life, as in his art, he is a realist—possibly a lyric-realist, but with a working intelligence so devoid of self-deception that he repels the benevolent sunset which crowns other mellow careers. Thorns protect him. That he is "popular" is more apparent than that he is "great." But this popularity is a paradox. For fifty years, purveyors of music have competed for the privilege of first performances they must have known would be rewarded only by riots, or more recently by sophistical disdain. A bittersweet baptism of opposition, violent or apathetic, convinced or snobbish, has been the fairly habitual response to this artist who has taught the whole Western world to listen anew to newness—in rhythm, sonority, the whole idiom of musical utterance—while enriching theatre, concert hall and opera house with a large repertory of works which are actually repeated, and with increasing frequency.

ANXIETY, tension, discord, dislocation, instability, aggression and hysteria he has had to dominate as has everyone else who survives the times. Instead of permitting history to plunge him, as a sensitive being of consummate gifts, into a predictable (however powerfully expressed) self-pity, romantic apology or elegant nostalgia, he has seized the most disturbing and destructive aspects of his epoch and imposed on them an order which adjudicates between the anxious present and serenity with almost prophetic austerity. The pre-atomic assault of *The Rites of Spring* seems today, forty-five years after its inception, to relate far more to what has happened in the world since 1913, than to "pictures of pagan Russia." Stravinsky's unique ability to disassociate accepted rhythmic formulae; his superimposition of levels of syncopation with a metrical over-drive based on formal structure; his drawn hair-wire delicacy in separating color and quality of instrumental choirs, give his work the final tight twist of fierce insistence which always makes for stubborn and exacerbating novelty.

Stravinsky has done something else which perhaps only workers in other fields of the arts fully appreciate. In painting, surface transparency and devotion to objective delineation, which composed a Grand Style for more than 500 years, has been overthrown in two generations by a coarse, permissive, idiosyncratic expressionism, rooted in self-pity and ostentation; in sculpture, stone-cutting has been abandoned for a superficial linear embroidery in three dimen-



*"One of the most deeply disturbing human documents of our time"**

***JONATHAN DANIELS:** "No one can lightly dismiss so solemn a reaffirmation of innocence as Alger Hiss has written. It is at least one of the most deeply disturbing human documents of our time. I do not feel it necessary to agree that hysteria harried Hiss to prison to realize after reading his book that history will have on its hands one of the world's great mysteries of dark guilt or even darker persecution. Those who revile Hiss as traitor and those who regard him as victim will both find here a disturbing, exciting story of a man caught in a labyrinth of our own times. Hiss speaks his innocence. I can only attest the moving power of his protestation."

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A BORZOI BOOK

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sion; in architecture, honorific or monumental splendor has been reduced to the economy of more or less elegant rentable space; in prose literature, visual or aural journalism has swamped the novel and the drama. It is in music, and in music alone, that the accumulation of almost a millennium of usable tradition has been preserved for present and future practice, as in the compositions of Stravinsky.

WHAT was criticised as pastiche in *Pulcinella*, as perversity in *Apollon*, arise from their sources in Pergolesi or Delibes through an alchemy so complete that it is as if old gold were fused into a new metal, no less precious than the original, but suited to new strains and uses. Stravinsky's peculiar method of inspiration, which is often re-discovery, assimilation or saturating absorption, has nothing in common with the compulsive, automatic or greedy jocosity of certain famed painters of the School of Paris. Those men have won negotiability and prestige by fragmenting prior models, disregarding any method save improvisation, or any style save a poster-like delivery suitable to the broadest possible merchandising through reduced reproduction. As against Stravinsky's fastidious operation on Rossini or Tschaikowsky, one sets Picasso's doodling with Altdorfer or Delacroix. The fragmented painting or series of sketches read only as a more or less amusing gloss, but have their true function when diluted on record-covers, luxury advertising and travel-posters. There is no doodling in Stravinsky, nor that vaunting repetition of a brutal tone which results in an insistent commentary neither equivalent nor superior to the original source. He has always disciplined his cursive imagination to a calligraphic perfection. If his ear has been set tingling by Bach, Mozart, Glinka, Mendelssohn or Handel, he honors the past master with tenderness and an exquisite delicacy, founded on complete and loving comprehension, delivered with a scrupulous moral homage in surface and texture. The "great" artist as improviser, acrobat and amateur has increasingly appealed to a public which cares less and less to look, except when flipping the big color pages of the mass picture-press; less and lesss to hear, except to the accredited orchestral demigods. The painting, the composed music, is submerged in the flashy performance; it is mostly a question of how, not what, is performed.

Much of the now-canonical resistance to a new Stravinsky piece, whether in 1916, 1926 or 1956, has derived from the ambivalent atmosphere of its initial presentation. There is his take-it-or-leave-it equanimity which focuses an almost monumental aura of alert suspense upon the rehearsals. How can anyone or everyone else have doubts when he has none? There is his built-in insulation from critics, since he shook the life-giving source of Mother Russia off his heels (in 1912) and assumed the dubious airs of an international diplomat. There are the oracular leaks to his chosen exegetes. There is the tropism of the self-summoned band of composers, one and two generations behind him, who await the first notes of a new score as unwelcome revelation, hopefully discounting it in advance with a superstitious folk-sign of protective malediction: "Please, Lord, don't let me be influenced, again." Then the sounds of the score, then the study of the score, then the compositions of imitators, ungrateful, but compelled.

Some people are born to write or build for their time; Stravinsky was born to hear for us. This does not mean that the time forgives him. We revenge ourselves as best we can. Thus it was with *The Rake's Progress* at the Metropolitan Opera, with the *Canticum Sacrum* at San Marco last summer; thus it will be with the new ballet *Agon* (The Contest) next November. Both informed and special audiences and the general public have had to collect their energies to resist or absorb the shock to their habits of taste and listening, which to a great degree have been formed over the last half century by hearing just such premieres in Basle and Boston, Venice or Paris, Los Angeles or London. But "damn braces; bless relaxes." Stravinsky's is not a relaxing temperament.

HE is truly an international, not a Russian, French, or American composer; recently he has made noises like some new and old Germans. Born into a static hierarchy dominated by the Czar as Patriarch; attached to state theatres whose lavish subsidy from the sovereign's privy purse was an indication of the political prestige accorded the performing arts, Stravinsky was raised as a professional servitor of his muse. He has always been the master music-maker, as others were master jewellers. He has been required to deliver gem-studded musical Easter-eggs in every form and style. He has served as a central sound-service with almost imperial authority. And like the service of royalty, his is sometimes modest and anonymous; sometimes willful; sometimes even frightening.

He has accepted commissions as they came along with no complaint of forced work. On the other hand he has never hacked for films, although he prefers the amiable weather of Southern California. He has worked hard and has supported himself from his music. It has not been easy; half of his works, unprotected by the copyright conventions applying to Western Europe, were pirated for years. He has had to bide his time. *Scénes de Ballet* was at the outset ill-served by a producer who thought to pay off on Stravinsky's prestige, and certainly did not bargain to be saddled with a concert-masterpiece; but the score survived for later, better productions. *The Rake's Progress*

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was first denied its proper scale and style at the Metropolitan; but it proceeded to other houses where its micromatic grandeur was honored. After one of his works has been born, it demonstrates a dynamism, a capacity for getting itself done, again and again.

The fact that Stravinsky has been able to exist, that in his own lifetime he has seen and heard his repertory become the musical signature of his century, belies the despairing generalization which has been the epitaph of lesser powers—that an age of anxiety permits neither grandeur, elegance nor permanence. He has given a new pattern of permanent flux and expanding possibility. The analysis of tension, the philosophic playfulness in its face, the resistance to that tragic, compassionate anguish which is half a step from self-exhaustion are the powers in Stravinsky which infer, by irony, the liveliness of the tradition of which he is part and master, and the chance of its further extension on a grand scale in the grand style.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the director of The New York City Ballet and a vice president of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Conn. He is the author of Dance, *among many books and articles on the arts.*

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE HERO of *A Face in the Crowd* is a chimera made up in approximately equal parts of Will Rogers, Huey Long and Arthur Godfrey. Such is the quality of the picture that he is also appallingly real—a loathsome, terrifying and at times pitiable barbarian conqueror of the Age of Persuasion.

In their second project together *(On the Waterfront* was their first movie) Budd Schulberg and Elia Kazan have written and directed the *1984* of Madison Avenue. It is the focus, the almost perfect expression, of the fears and warnings that have been issuing from the agencies and the studios with rising frequency in the past few years.

A Face in the Crowd is satire, it is caricature, it is melodramatic slapstick at a very high level. For all the urgency of their decent fears about the engineering of consent, Schulberg and Kazan have not fallen into the trap of pamphleteering; they have composed a film of character and event that should attract an audience across the whole spectrum from bopsters to elder statesmen.

The power of the picture is more in the quality of its details and execution than in its narrative idea. You will have come upon the story, or something very like it, before: a girl reporter for a small Southern radio station unearths in the county jail a vagrant who plays the guitar and has a gift for unabashed chitchat with an idle, mindless audience. His music is routine, his humor is dim, his generosity is opportunistic; his genius is compounded of boundless vitality and utter contempt for values outside the slob society he represents. And he has a laugh as infectious as typhoid. That is Larry Rhodes, known as Lonesome to his adoring public.

Rhodes soon moves on to a Nashville TV station, where he sells mattresses by ridiculing their manufacturer, and then to Madison Avenue, where he sells vitamin pills by implying that they are aphrodisiacs, and a presidential candidate by lowering his I.Q. about forty points and giving him a wad of gum to chew. Rhodes is L'il Abner come to life, simple, lovable, drunken, lecherous, half-crazed and as trustworthy as a moron with a meat cleaver. He is without loyalty or scruple, and largely without guile. Others back him for the power he has, but for him power is an end in itself. He is, in purest distillation, the voice of the mob. Finally he is destroyed by the girl who created him (she reverses the microphone switches in the control booth and allows Rhodes's worshippers to hear his uncensored opinion of them). As the picture ends, however, another

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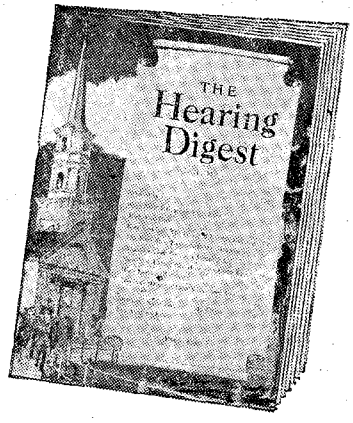

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press agent has just brought another "country boy" to town—the Yahoo voice goes on.

Set down in print, Rhodes may not sound so dangerous. But when you watch him on the screen you find yourself slipping under his spell: laughing back to his braying laugh, relishing the release of his vulgarity, creeping toward the circle of his animal warmth. He makes being human seem hard work and not worth the effort.

This implies brilliant acting and Andy Griffith, in his first movie, is precisely brilliant. Mr. Griffith is a Southerner who has taught school, toured the Southern night club circuit with a monologue act, appeared many times as Sir Walter Raleigh in Paul Green's perennial, *The Lost Colony*. Two winters ago he became a Broadway star as the redneck recruit in *No Time for Sergeants*. On that occasion he played the pretty side of the natural superman; this time he plays the ugly side, and it is incomparably the more impressive performance. He rises from shiftless delinquency to megalomaniac cruelty in a steady surge of destructive energy. Giving Kazan full credit for a fine stint of directing, I still feel sure that Mr. Griffith has had his face rubbed in the real filth of arrogant ignorance. He must have learned that laugh back in the Talmadge country.

The stature of *A Face in the Crowd* shows itself in its asides as well as in its main theme. Its views on national advertising are deft, witty, and a crucifixion of grey flannel ethics. It stages a contest for drum majorettes which is a definitive comment on this precocious and athletic form of sexual provocation. Its brief description of the legislator in the hands of the professional entertainer is peculiarly sharp in a time when Robert Montgomery has the run of the White House. Schulberg and Kazan are so steeped in their subject that their remarks in passing flick with the easy accuracy of a whip.

Most surprising for the screen—where usually events move but characters remain fixed—the people in *A Face in the Crowd* are irrevocably changed by experience. Patricia Neal, the great man's discoverer and Girl Friday, does not even look like the same woman by the time the picture is over. Her face is changed, her carriage, her voice and her attack on life. Rhodes in the same way changes from rolling stone to juggernaut. The picture is a monstrous fable, but it operates by a kind of realism that Hollywood seldom attains.

THE GREEN MAN, in which Alastair Sim plays an amateur of assassination, is jolly good summer nonsense. It's true that Mr. Sim's stock in trade, the middle-aged elf, is not a character that grows more endearing with familiarity. Nevertheless, his buffoonery is dexterous and faultlessly paced, and this time he works in team with George Cole, whom I vaguely remember having seen before, but whose comic gifts I did not remember. He plays a stalwart door-to-door salesman whose ironic reaction to skulduggery and social embarrassment has the authentic flavor of British middle-class wit.

ONE of the continuing mysteries of show business is the gullibility of its experts. Mistakes are made in every trade, but bankers do not habitually buy gold bricks and real estate operators can rarely be enticed by tidal acreage. Yet here is Preston Sturges coming out of retirement with *The French They Are a Funny Race*, which any messenger boy on Eighth Avenue could spot instantly as a dud. The French are as funny as any other race, but this picture tends to prove the opposite. Jack Buchanan, as the Major Thompson whose notebooks are being filmed, seems to have observed nothing worth recording and he is poleaxed by lines of almost malignant dullness. Noel-Noel, a reliable French comedian, is kept extremely busy libeling the *esprit* of his countrymen.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

MODERN jazz musicians and the composers of concert music are forever casting predatory glances toward each other's preserves. The jazz men, in search of structural resources and, perhaps, respectability, frequently invoke the techniques of Baroque contrapuntal writing. Some of them have gone twelve-tone. Writers of serious music, on the other hand, are not insensitive to the vitality and unusual coloration of jazz. They have expropriated such instruments as they could from the percussion section; their brass writing has been affected by the virtuoso flights of the jazz trumpeters and trombonists; even the lowly banjo and the saxophone have been tested for mettle. Indeed, the very inner substance of much American concert music reveals an absorption of jazz ideas, especially rhythmic.

Music for Moderns, a series of concerts which the violinist Anahid Ajemian and her husband, George Avakian, a Columbia Records executive, presented at Town Hall, was intended to "bridge the traditional but artificial barrier between the so-called serious and light interpretations of similar musical ideas." I would have said beforehand that such nebulously formulated ambitions must come to nothing. The language of the statement is loose, but if it means that a basic separation between the jazz and serious genres is not natural and advantageous to both, I disagree. In effect, however, two of the programs which placed the music of modern jazz ensembles alongside that of Debussy, Satie, Chavez, Surinach and Hovhaness, provoked a number of interesting comparisons.

On the first of these, the Modern Jazz Quartet (piano, vibraharp, bass, percussion) played excerpts from a score to the movie, *Sait-On Jamais*, composed by the group's pianist, John Lewis. A more evanescent concoction can hardly be imagined. Within a repressed dynamic range, hardly exceeding *mezzo-forte*, the score presented finely-etched wisps of melody and instrumental sonority, often fugally disposed, and mixed them with tiny, rhythmic metallic clashes from the percussionist, restrained bass colloquies, and ripples of color and melody from the piano and vibraharp. It was thoroughly sophisticated; a kind of aural hashish. And I was astonished to observe how much this music had in

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common with the Debussy Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp, played by John Wummer, Walter Trampler and Edward Vito. Not that the two works actually sounded alike. But in their sensitive attitudes toward instrumental sonorities, and in their vigorously limited intellectual substance, they matched each other with remarkable equality.

BY contrast, the music of the Chico Hamilton Quintet, which came on the second program, seemed bulky, unintegrated, and derivative of earlier jazz styles. Mr. Hamilton, the percussionist, adheres for the most part to the steady beat which has long characterized jazz, but which constitutes one of its basic limitations. He apparently loves the percussion cadenza, too, and even in the *Concerto Petite* which the ensemble's 'cellist, Fred Katz, composed for Miss Ajemian and the quintet, a large, extraneous chunk was devoted to such an enterprise.

The "serious" half of this program was directed by Carlos Surinach, the young Spanish composer-conductor. It comprised his *Ritmo Jondo*, a brief, flamenco-inspired suite for trumpet, clarinet, and percussion (including three people who clap hands); Chavez' Toccata for Percussion; and the first performance of Hovhaness' *October Mountain*. This latter work (also for percussion ensemble) brought back the memory of the Modern Jazz Quartet, for here again, textures were lean, and the sonorities calculated with almost Oriental refinement. Hovhaness has long been working with Eastern modes and has great security within his exotic style. Sometimes he misgauges, as in the third movement of *October Mountain*, and spins his material too thinly and monotonously. But his ear is acute and his self-created microcosmos is usually fascinating to explore. Chavez, by contrast, draws his lines with a heavy pencil, and the Toccata, while consistently interesting, does not employ the percussion orchestra with particular ease. Somewhere, there is a fine distinction between percussion writing which gets off the ground and that which does not. The Chavez score, I would say, strains at the moorings, but does not really move.

So much for comparisons. As I have indicated, it is my belief that jazz and serious music, stemming from different historical roots, represent dissimilar intellectual and social phenomena and should be accepted as so doing. By careful selection of the music for these two concerts, certain related areas of operation were helpfully emphasized. But works for percussion orchestra fall within a very specialized province of "serious" music, and the Debussy Sonata, among chamber works, is also highly atypical. It is interesting to hear such music side-by-side with modern jazz. But it does not establish a basic point of togetherness.

As it turned out, the most engaging piece on either program was an isolate, and could not, thus, be compared or contrasted. This was Erik Satie's *Sports et Divertissements*, a set of twenty-one piano pieces published in tandem with a folio of wondrously awful drawings by one Charles Martin. Not only did Satie compose the music; he wrote sharp little Dadaist poems on the score itself, and it was these that Virgil Thomson, with his unique gifts as *raconteur*, translated and read. William Masselos, one of our most extraordinary young pianists, played the music, and the drawings were projected on a screen. The total effect, because of Mr. Thomson's witty penetration of the texts, was wryly hilarious. Satie wrote concerning *Sports et Divertissements:* "This is a work of pure whimsy —let no one mistake that." He need not have feared.

What Can Be Made From Nothing

O it is beautiful, beautiful,
what can be made from nothing!
A tiger lurks in the seed
of the trumpet vine.
A warrior marches brilliant in the sky.
Hideous and sad
by the roadside
a great old bull
deplores his chains.

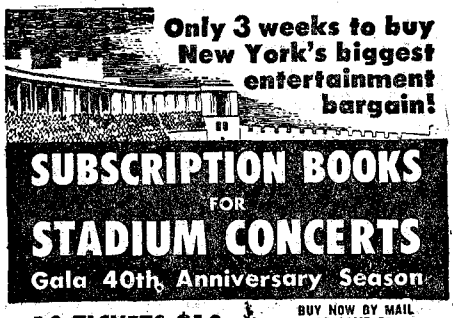
DIANE D'ANDRADE

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

IT might well happen that the Mickey Cohen affair will send TV scurrying back to the safety of filmed interviews or conversations carefully supervised by the teleprompter. The exciting technique of candid questioning, which Mike Wallace developed last fall on a local New York station, is perilously close to being destroyed by its own creator, aided by a scandal-happy press which has abetted a former West Coast gangster's pursuit of his waning notoriety. The derogatory remarks Cohen made on the Wallace show have caused insulted Los Angeles public officials to threaten libel suits against him, Wallace and the American Broadcasting Company. The network, having landed Wallace from his local pond, is reported uncertain what to do with its currently troublesome catch.

It would be irresponsible to throw away an opportunity for viewers to gain an insight into the minds of thoughtful people they could meet only on TV because of the "danger" of unrehearsed, live interviews. Before discarding what might become a step out of the limbo of mediocrity, the concept of the Wallace show should be examined again. On his local show, Wallace was able to combine some sensitive and penetrating interviews with a considerable amount of tabloid copy. But when he made the coast-to-coast switch, he seemed to surrender completely to a sensational approach. His choice of guests is damning evidence; Gloria Swanson, the Im-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perial Wizard of the K.K.K., Earl Browder and the brash Mickey are important only because of the extremes to which each has gone in his own way. This very excessiveness is played up by Wallace with more moderate subjects. Wayne Morse was "the most controversial" senator, Philip Wylie's momism shaped his interview.

When he sacrificed the spirit of genuine inquiry into the interior of people's minds—which must certainly be as interesting as the interior of their homes—Wallace lost the quality of his original *Night Beat* program. This does not mean that any and all people interviewed on TV must be edited, teleprompted and directed into a vacuum of acceptable sameness. People who are legitimately interesting do not need to be run through their paces on a leash, and the everlasting attraction of human beings for human beings does not need an overlay of sensationalism to survive. Individuals who will attract a national audience are obviously more difficult to find than those who can draw well locally, but ABC also has facilities and resources far greater than any local station. The real question is whether it has the seriousness, respect and good taste necessary to keep the Mike Wallace show both alive and free.

THE spectacular or, if you will, sensational aspects of desegregation have been covered by TV news during the last two years. Leaders in the social struggle have appeared from time to time on various panel shows, and *See It Now* did a documentary study last fall on "Clinton and the Law." To fill out this rather skimpy documentation, the Fund for the Republic has put together an hour-long film, *Segregation and the South,* which will be carried by the ABC network on Sunday, June 16. In showing this film, ABC is doing a service to viewers who might otherwise not see it, and to the Fund, which could otherwise reach only a limited audience.

The film attempts to tell more than the headline story. In watching a preview, I was impressed by the many anonymous faces, the small stories, the quiet incidents that provided a new warmth and depth of understanding. The Autherine Lucy story was combined with short shots of other students whose college careers were smoother, a Negro student at his desk on which was a picture of his girl, a panel discussion of Negroes and whites on their mutual attitudes. Sharply moving was a rehearsal held in a Montgomery church in anticipation of the end of the bus boycott. With their preacher at the "wheel," parishioners clambered in and out of a line of chairs, practicing a dignified insistence on their right to choose a seat. These excellent passages were interwoven with all-too-familiar news shots of the K.K.K., the bus strike, terrorism and violence in the schools.

Segregation and the South presents a mass of material, loosely strung together with narrative, which I found less effective than the organized structure of "Clinton and the Law." Lacking an orderly frame of dates and places, it was difficult to follow. An occasional map would have helped. It seemed to me that the producers were almost as overwhelmed by the problem as the South itself. By combining its own film with commercial newsreel footage, the Fund's production crew fell into a confusion of shifting pace and depth of interest. Nevertheless, *Segregation and the South* is a valuable document which one can hardly afford not to see.

VIEWING NOTES: The only magic in NBC's *Festival of Magic* was in the five fingers of Cardini's hand as a camera close-up revealed its implausible dexterity with a small white ball. The other international "magicians" all seemed to have bought their tricks at the same two-for-a-quarter store.

The first of Billy Graham's four Saturday night telecasts was astoundingly effective television. The ABC cameras caught the huge scale of Madison Square Garden and the mood of concentration. Graham's encouraging voice, his evocative gestures, his complete self-assurance all lent authority and a compelling quality. It was obvious that the program was not planned to satisfy the curiosity seeker; audience close-ups were few and far between, and the faces of the 465 who made "decisions for Christ"—on a coast-to-coast network—were blurred. But the N.Y. Crusade Committee got its full $70,000 worth of Graham at work.

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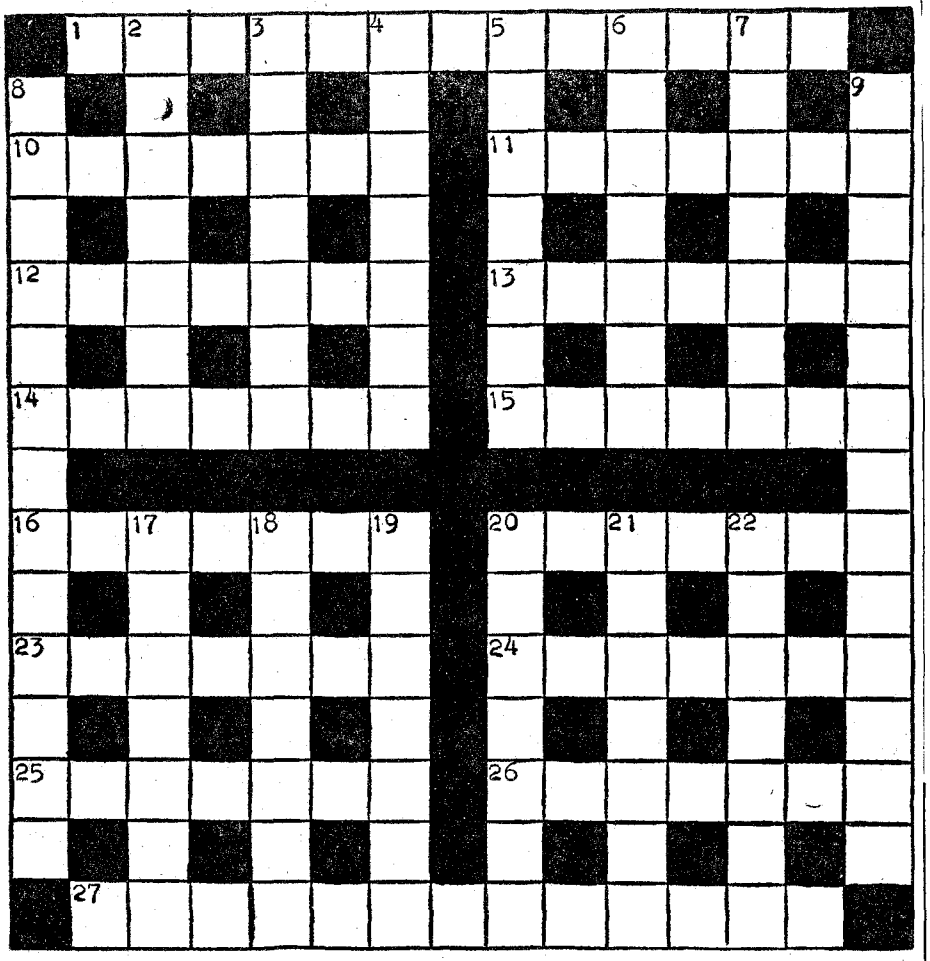
Crossword Puzzle No. 728

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A race a blue cat organized to a degree. (13)
10 I would shortly, in the consequence of being seen. (7)
11 Iris fan, but more logically descriptive of a tulip fan. (7)
12 Chiefly nocturnal, largely arboreal, and almost omniverous. (7)
13 "Bec" (nose), in rather disgusting shape. (7)
14 Certainly not as broad as it is long! (7)
15 Relation to mention in turn, due to motion. (7)
16 A little flower? (7)
20 10, but not through experience. (1, 6)
23 Land in land. (7)
24 Lamb to toss in front of a flower. (7)
25 Witness? (7)
26 Back disorder, perhaps not serious, but none the less true about a performance. (7)
27 Would leave only an "E", but it's not a conscious quality. (13)

DOWN:

2 Quite the opposite of 14. (Notice I seem to ask the question?) (7)
3 Groovy? (Belief about like this!) (7)
4 I am coming in afterwards with the English churchman. (7)
5 Kick out someone like 4? (7)
6 A score in this is poor, as he discovered. (7)
7 A fork to dispose of under canvas? (7)
8 It looks like the devil to struggle about at this, for example. (13)
9 One can't tell about such things! (13)
17 You can't get over duress without a vigorous condition at heart. (7)
18 Look at the beginning! He's following, and hates it! (7)
19 A number almost exercises an attachment for plant life. (7)
20 Tempts. (7)
21 Polish representation of a river. (7)
22 Are such religious functionaries depressed? (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 727

ACROSS: 1 FRIGATE; 5 PAJAMAS; 9 RACKS; 10 DARWINIAN; 11 EXPATIATE; 12 HOTEL; 13 TABLETS; 15 DOUBLET; 17 PRETEXT; 19 SLEDGES; 21 ALONG; 23 ACROBATIC; 25 LAST NIGHT; 26 ABASE; 27 DELAYED; 28 SHEKELS. DOWN: 1 FOR RENT; 2 INCAPABLE; 3 ASSET; 4 ENDEARS; 5 PORTEND; 6 JAILHOUSE; 7 MOIST; 8 SINGLET; 14 and 24 EMERGENCY BRAKE; 16 LIGHTFACE; 17 PEARLED; [illegible]TWANGED; 19 SPRITES; 20 SECRETS [illegible]OUSEL.

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